

THE AMERICAN

LEGION

MAGAZINE

JUNE 1949

15¢



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English Setter "Peg O' Pondwood" and pet Persians, at Colebrook, Conn., home of the author and archaeologist Roy Chapman Andrews. (On table—first petrified dinosaur egg ever found.)

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he's switched to Calvert!"

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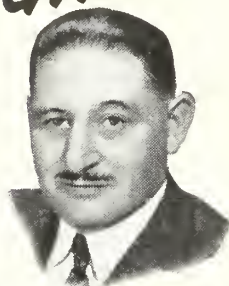
And the cost is still low. Increases in telephone rates are much less than the increases in most other things you buy. They average only a penny or so per call.

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Vol. 46
No. 6 THE AMERICAN

POSTMASTER:
Please send
copies returned
under labels Form
3579 to Post Office
Box 1055, Indian-
apolis 6, Indiana.

The American Legion Magazine is the official publication of The American Legion and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright 1949. Published monthly at 1100 W. Broadway, Louisville, Ky. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 5, 1925. Price, single copy, 15 cents; yearly subscription, \$1.25. Entered as second class matter June 30, 1948, at the Post Office at Louisville, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

EXECUTIVE AND
ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES
Indianapolis 6, Indiana
EDITORIAL AND
ADVERTISING
One Park Avenue
New York 16, N. Y.
WESTERN OFFICE
333 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago 1, Illinois

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LEGION MAGAZINE

June 1949

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Please notify the Circulation Department, Publications Division, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana, if you have changed your address, using notice form 22S which you will secure from your Postmaster. Be sure to cut off the address label on your magazine and paste it in the space provided. Always give your 1949 membership card number and both your new and your old address.



Tim Henry's cover illustrates a common occurrence and one that appeals to everybody, we think. The young man, his arms loaded with groceries, is trying to open the door of his car, while his favorite pal, Brandy, reaches over and gives him a quick lick. Brandy is an inveterate kisser of bath sexes. His master, Tim Henry, is a WW2 Vet who came from the middle west to study art at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. Being married Tim quite often takes care of the shopping chores, which supplied the idea for this cover.

PICTURE CREDITS: International News Photos, N. Y. Daily Mirror, 13; INP, Wide World, 16-17; INP, Scott, DeMott & Perry, Inc. Borg-Warner Corp. 18-19; Union Pacific R.R., R. Madden-Black Star, Henle-Nonkmyer, Ewing Galloway, INP, Frank E. Meltzof F. P. G., Owen-Black Star, 20-21; Sherwin Williams Research Laboratories, Tom Carew 22-23; Standard Oil of N. J., Philip Gendreau, 24-25; National Audubon Society, Hal H. Harrison and Samuel A. Grimes from National Audubon Society 58.



The Convoy Faced a Crisis

The deadly looking sphere was bad medicine

About dusk one evening the watch on our destroyer frantically notified the chartroom that they had sighted a strange looking mine floating toward the convoy we were escorting. Instantly our captain flashed a warning to the flagship, and dropped out of formation to destroy it.

We fired at it with some apprehension, because we didn't know just what to expect from the strange looking white sphere that was crisscrossed with large red stripes. When finally we did hit it, it didn't blow up as we had expected. Instead it merely sank slowly from sight.

This strange behavior worried our captain, and he signalled the flagship about the conduct of the mine. Back came word that we had probably sighted a new enemy secret weapon. Five destroyers were dispatched to search the vicinity for more mines.

For the rest of the night the convoy remained stationary. It was almost dawn when we reformed.

Shortly after daybreak one of the lead merchant ships signalled the flagship. "What was all the confusion about last night?"

"Sighted floating mine," signalled the flagship. "Sank same, and searched for others."

"Thank you," answered the merchantman. "We were under the impression that you were chasing the white medicine ball that we lost shortly before dusk."

By STANLEY J. MEYER



From where I sit by Joe Marsh

Let "Elmer" Do It?

Army rejections showed how prevalent tuberculosis still is. But instead of feeling that "the government ought to do something about it," our county took up a collection and bought a traveling tuberculosis clinic.

This "clinic" is a completely equipped truck that goes from town to town X-raying everyone who wants it free of charge. The best way to fight a disease is to try to stop it before it gets out of hand.

More and more, Americans are getting things done through the old democratic tradition of local self-help. Like in the Brewing industry, Brewers and tavern keepers have their program whereby they co-operate to see that places selling beer and ale are clean, law-abiding . . . beyond criticism.

From where I sit, anyone who waits for "someone else to do it" should take a hint from our community, or groups like the Brewers and tavern owners, who found a way to get results—for themselves and the public.

Joe Marsh

Step out with a Kaywoodie



This is a picture of a briar bush. It grows 4 to 7 ft. high. Kaywoodie Pipes are cut from the burl of the briar bush with many successive cuttings. 85% of the burl is discarded in our careful selection. The pipes are literally "cooked" out of the briar.

FOR FATHER'S DAY **KAYWOODIE**

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Previews OF PRODUCTS INVENTIONS IDEAS



A sampling of products which are in process of development or are coming on the market.

LOW COST FIRE ALARM. A simple and inexpensive fire alarm system for homes and farms is being introduced by the Davis Manufacturing Co., of Plano, Ill. The system consists of five heat detectors, each capable of handling 225 square feet of floor space, and a four-inch alarm gong. Each heat detector, wired in circuit to the gong, consists of a highly sensitive thermostat mounted in a thin brass housing. These function at 140 degrees Fahrenheit as recommended by Underwriters' Laboratories. The complete unit sells for \$11.95 and will be obtainable from hardware dealers.



TO DRESS UP SCREEN DOORS. You can take the monotony out of screen doors by means of cast aluminum ornaments called Scroll-etts which are being manufactured by the Howard A. Daum Co., P.O. Box 7981, Pittsburgh 16, Pa. The ornaments come in different patterns, are readily attached to the door by screws, and range in price from \$6.50 to \$14.00 a set. All Scroll-etts come in baked-on white enamel, but special finishes can be obtained for a dollar more. The ornaments can also be used as fire screen decorations, as window trims and in other ways.

WHY BURDEN YOURSELF WITH A BAG? Golfers will welcome a sensible carrier for golf clubs which weighs only four ounces. Called the Go-Lite, it takes the place of the conventional bulky bag. The gadget consists of a comfortable handle from which are suspended two leather strap loops. Parallel to the handle is a round metal bar connecting the strap buckles. When this bar is lifted the leather loops are loosened and the clubs can be readily removed. Six to eight clubs can be carried with the Go-Lite, and the balls and tees are stored in an accessible bag attached to the handle. Selling for \$3.50, the item will be available through sporting goods stores or will be sent postpaid by the manufacturer, the Duncan Morris Co., 361 S. Maple St., Akron 3, Ohio.

LOW COST SPINNING REEL. With most spinning reels selling for \$20 or more, a new and simplified model is now being offered for \$7.95. Called the Rite-Angler Spinning Reel, it is manufactured by the Markle Featherlite Products Corp., 1950 E. Milwaukee Ave., Detroit 11. Weighing only six ounces, it is made of aluminum and stainless steel and is quickly adjustable for either right or left hand use. A touch of the hand changes the reel from casting to rewind position. Spools are interchangeable and extra spools are available at \$1.75.



GOT CROOKED PICTURES? An ingenious method of keeping pictures from sagging is employed in a new device called Pic-Hang being marketed by the Franklin Picture Frame Co., 2019 W. Montrose Ave., Chicago 18. The device consists of a metal strip with teeth like a saw, deep enough to engage a nail. In use, the Pic-Hang is tacked to the upper edge of the frame. If the picture isn't level when it is hung, you simply move it to one side or the other so the supporting nail falls into the correct notch. Retail price is three for 10¢ including nails.

NO MORE SOGGY SOAP. A simple soapcake pad costing only a dime should save its cost many times over by keeping soap from wasting away. The device, made of Bakelite, has a series of little knobs which support the cake of soap and permit it to drain. It is made by H. P. Matson Co., 137 N. Highland Ave., Akron 3, Ohio, and will be sold through variety and department stores.

MOWER-PLUS-POWER. Now you can buy a lawn mower, and when you get tired pushing you can run it with a gasoline engine especially designed for it. This is possible because of an ingenious outfit offered by the Star Mower Co., of 301 N. East St., Plainfield, Ind. This manufacturer sells a light-weight mower with a 16-inch cut for \$26.75. The engine, mounted on a saddle and ready to install on the mower, costs another \$53. Or you can buy the complete outfit, ready to roll, for \$79.75. The engine is a $\frac{3}{4}$ horsepower, 4-cycle outfit which drives both wheels. The mower can be stopped by dropping the mower handle, and it starts when the handle is raised to cutting level. Attaching the engine to the mower is said to require only a pair of pliers to tighten two bolts.



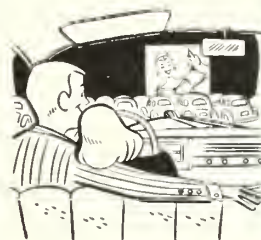
WORLD'S LIGHTEST SOLID. An amazing plastic foam that swells up to 100 times its original volume when baked has been developed by Robert F. Sterling, 29-year-old chemist at the Westinghouse Research Laboratories. Even lighter than some gases, the new plastic will be used as an insulating material, making it possible to fill large areas without adding much weight. Poured into prefabricated metal wall sections, a two-inch-thick layer weighing only 300 pounds would be enough to insulate a complete six-room house. This amount could be made from just a 35-gallon barrel of the liquid resin. The liquid resin can be shipped to where it will be used, and foamed into place there. Savings in transportation will be considerable since it will no longer be necessary to move space-consuming insulating products. The new insulation is said to be resistant to fire, moisture, fungus growth and insects.



FISHING MADE EASY. Now you don't have to find a rock to support your fishing rod if you want to relax. The Duncan Machine Works of Boone, Ia., has come up with a gadget called the Xtra Hand Pole Holder which holds your rod no-hands. It is 28 inches long, made of light weight metal, and it has a fin to keep it from turning in the ground. The price is \$1.25 postpaid.

CIVILIAN MAE WEST. Sportsmen whose travels take them on or near the water will be interested in an unusual jacket with a built-in, hidden life preserver. Specially designed for boating enthusiasts, fishermen and hunters, the jacket has a smart, trim appearance. In case of emergency, however, the preserver can be quickly inflated by merely turning a valve cap on the left side of the collar and blowing into it. The preserver extends from either side of the chest around the neck. In addition to providing necessary buoyancy it also affords added warmth because of the insulating value of the air space. Made by Neptune Specialties, Inc., 190 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y., the jacket in sizes for men and women will retail for about \$28.00. It is also made in children's sizes.

SOMETHING HOT IN THE WAY OF MOVIES. A new device which transmits both sound and heat has been developed for use in motion picture drive-in theaters. According to General Electric Company engineers, who supplied major parts for the apparatus, the combination heater-speaker, designed to hang on the inside of a car window, carries sound from the movie film and at the same time gives off enough heat to maintain a comfortable temperature in the car even in chilly weather. Made by the Theatrecraft Manufacturing Corp., Cleveland, the device is expected to extend the present spring and fall operation of drive-ins.

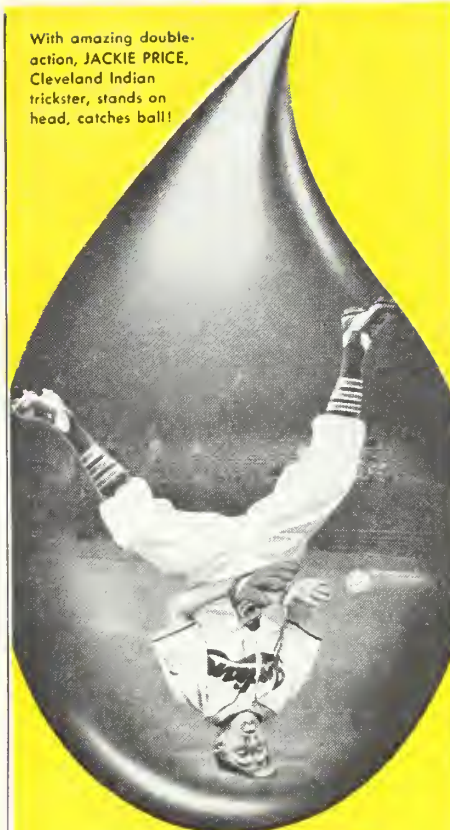


MONEY-MAKING GADGET. A machine which stamps keys so you won't confuse the car key with the garage key, and the hall key with the one for the front door, is being offered by the Metro Manufacturing Co., Palmolive Building, Chicago 11. Called the Ident-A Key Set, the outfit is an ingenious marking die unit consisting of a six-inch steel turntable mounted on a solid metal base and equipped with twelve tempered steel marking dies. In use the turntable is revolved so as to bring the desired name die to the front striking position. The key head is then inserted and the die top struck with a hammer. One blow imprints the identifying name permanently. If desired, red pencil or white paint may be rubbed into the letters, making them more legible. The outfit retails complete for \$35. While this is not for home use it offers possibilities for money-making with a small investment.

PEN-SIZED TELESCOPE. A precision-made telescope no larger than an ordinary fountain pen, but with six-times magnification, is being offered by the Morgan Camera Shop, 6262 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 28. Selling for \$10 postpaid on a money-back guarantee basis, the Penscope is made of chrome-finished metal, and has an optical system composed of six coated lenses.

When writing to manufacturers concerning items mentioned here kindly mention that you read about them in The American Legion Monthly

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HOW TO MAKE AN AMERICAN FIFTH COLUMN

There is no better source of information on the true meaning of American communism than the testimony of men and women who have worked with the Communist "Party" and finally turned against it. Elizabeth Bentley, who spied on our government for the Communists, is one. Her story makes an utter mockery of the feeble pretense that the American Communist "Party" is an American political party—helps prove what is common knowledge, that the American Communist "Party" is no less than a fifth column hiding behind the skirts of the United States Constitution with a knife in its hands.

As everyone knows, it was Miss Bentley's job to channel secret government information from Washington to Moscow, and for a while her fellow American Communists thought she was a member of the Russian secret police and revered her for it.

Under that mistaken belief, Miss Bentley has said, high American Communist officials took orders from her. It was as if the officials of the Republican or Democratic party kowtowed to a lesser figure in the organization because they thought her to be a foreign agent.

Another expert witness is Ben Gitlow, who has an article in this issue called *What Makes Them Commies?*, page 11. Once Gitlow ardently believed in American Communism. In 1929 he was Secretary of the American Communist "Party." He knew the finer workings of the "party" and directed them, and the commies named him their candidate for vice-president of our country. But unlike many of those he describes in our article whose minds have been captured by the "party," the day came when Gitlow's stomach turned. He openly defied Stalin's Russian directorship of American "Party" affairs and was of course promptly booted out of the "party." That would be about like the Democrats unhorsing Franklin D. Roosevelt for openly defying Hitler—if we are to believe the Communist fiction that the American Communist "Party" is an American political party, and if we are to believe the Communist fiction that all of us but the commies are fascists.

When he defied Stalin, Ben Gitlow knew he was kissing the "party" and all it stands for good-bye. But he had seen more than enough and was ready to join the ranks of the expert witnesses. There may not be a better or more credible one, for Gitlow was high up on the inside. He was an honorary member of the Moscow Soviet, had made official trips to Moscow for the "party" in 1927, 1928 and 1929, and

was a member of the executive committee of the Communists International and the Red Trade Union International.

In 1939 he published a book, *I Confess; the Truth About American Communism*. Gitlow believes that the most dangerous aspect of the party is the clever way it hoodwinks native Americans, preying on their fears, their ambitions or their injuries, real or fancied—and the way it concentrates, for revolutionary purposes, on winning followers in key industries. Last year he published another study of Communism at work called *The Whole of Their Lives: Communism in America*. The title is based on Lenin's call for fanaticism in party members back in 1900: "We must train men and women to devote to the revolution not merely their spare evenings, but *the whole of their lives*." That was Lenin's dictum, still followed. Do we hear a faint echo of *Banzai!* and *Heil!*? Ask Ben Gitlow.

HAM GREENE AGAIN

Hamilton Greene (*The Day*, page 26) served this magazine as artist-correspondent in England covering operations of the 8th and 9th Air Forces, before D-Day. He saw the preparations for the cross-channel expedition, took part in it, and subsequently was attached to the 83rd Infantry Division in its drive through France and into Germany. He was wounded in the stomach and lungs at Geilenkirchen, Germany on Nov. 19, 1944 and following hospitalization in France, England and this country was off to the Pacific, where he was accredited to the U. S. Naval Forces, and served through to the end of hostilities. He and our other Pacific correspondent, Boyd B. Stutler, Managing Editor of the magazine, made contact in Tokyo within 48 hours of its being taken by the Americans, both also being in attendance subsequently at the signing of the peace terms on the *Missouri*.

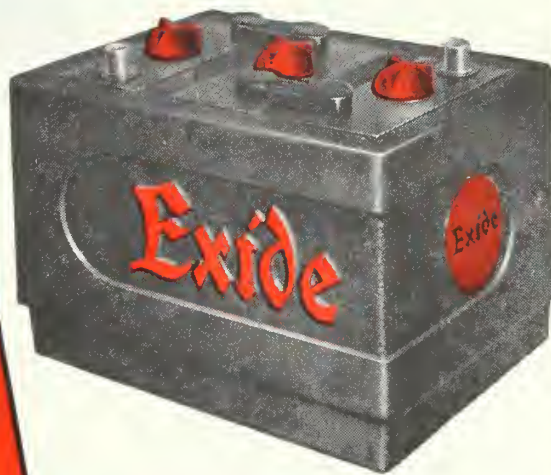
LOOKING AHEAD IN YOUR LEGION MAGAZINE

Every veteran will want to read National Commander Perry Brown's fight talk in next month's American Legion Magazine. Last March he warned veterans of War Two that for them the honeymoon is over, and on our pages next month he presents evidence of a sinister, many-sided attack on all veterans—an attack which sounds sweet and reasonable but is aimed directly at undermining the GI Bill of Rights. Older Legionnaires who remember the brutal Economy Act of 1933, when the Government deserted its warriors and brought despair and suicide to the disabled, will recognize the seeds of another such assault in *The Growing Attack on Veterans Benefits*, next month.

Were You Exposed to Tropical Disease? That's the title of an article by Dr. J. B. Rice, coming up in July, which may answer the questions in many a War Two veteran's mind about his present chances of coming down with jungle pestilences as a result of service in the tropics.

On the lighter side Hank Felsen has a bit of humor for you in July, called *Who Wants a Car?* Boy! What he won't do to the birds who wanted his eye teeth for a 1913 Rattletrap not long ago, now that they want his business again—Hank says.

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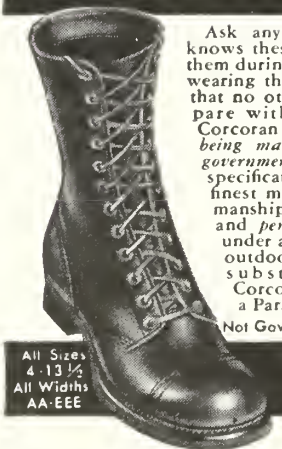
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Address

Regular shoe size and width AL-6

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HERE'S TO COURAGE!

Philadelphia's Blind Sportscaster in your February, 1948 issue gave me such a feeling of exuberance that I have to comment on the way it was written and the message it gave the world.

I had the pleasure of reading this article to a friend who had about given up hope that she could be a worthy citizen because she also was blind. Now she is doing crochet work and most of her housework due to the verbal kick she obtained from Bob Allman's story.

Gardner's article had punch and color enough to make you heartily ashamed of ever saying, "I just can't do it."

As long as your magazine publishes articles of this caliber I don't think there is any way it can be improved upon.

Mrs. Lelah Stinson
Pendleton, Ind.

RACKET THE WRONG WORD?

As an editor, an active member of The American Legion and a stamp collector of long standing, I must say I am quite disappointed in your unwillingness to correct the mischief done our hobby by *Racket in Stamps*, published in the magazine last August.

I was shocked by the article, but was certain it would be answered by some of the national leaders of the hobby. I am now advised that you refused to accept an answer for publication and smugly assert "there is no point in running another article about stamps."

You, as a responsible editor, should have checked the facts presented in Mr. Walker's article before publication. The article is full of half-truths and incorrect conclusions. The attacks on nations issuing Roosevelt commemorative stamps were particularly damaging. There is little doubt that some of them issued the stamps primarily for philatelic channels, but most, I am convinced, were sincere efforts to honor a great citizen of the world. . . .

Emmett Peter, Jr.
Editor and Publisher
Lake County Citizen
Tavares, Fla.

About the article *Racket in Stamps*: You must have hit the nail squarely with a snappy blow. Oh, boy! but the truth hurts. . . .

Racket? Look at recent catalogues with current stamps priced at double face, or with prices plenty high, plus 10 or 100%. A stamp auction without protective bids is a rarity. The collectors are considered easy money and when a collector buys he needs to be wise and examine the article with a strong glass or he will find himself

stuck with a piece of junk. However, philately is an interesting hobby and if a boy gets interested he should make the acquaintance of an old-time collector. Philately is disgraced with chaos and ignorance and those responsible are so slap happy that they do not want the truth known.

L. H. Copeland
Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR WHOM THE WAR NEVER ENDS

I know that "comparisons are odious" and, from experience, I know that comparing the degrees of disability between seriously injured or maimed veterans is not only odious but oftentimes wanting in objectivity since there are so many individual and personal factors which have to be considered in judging the particular case.

Despite such restraining aspects, however, I feel impelled in justice and "for the sake of the record" to bring to your attention and that of other Legionnaires one small group (not *One Man In Eight Million*) who, I feel, are most worthy of mention when we consider the most seriously disabled in the last war.

I refer to the group (I personally know two whom I met when I was chaplain at Valley Forge General Hospital) who lost *both hands and were blinded totally*. Their disability is to my mind most serious because, though they have prostheses to replace their hands, they cannot feel with them and, not having sight, they cannot otherwise direct them to any smaller object. They have really, for all practical and detailed purposes, *lost two of the five senses—sight and touch*.

I understand quite well that in the section of the column *The Editors' Corner* of the April issue you were concerned solely with the amputees of World Wars I and II and you were not considering other complications. But because of the public's concern about "basket cases," I felt they might well overlook another very seriously disabled group of veterans.

(Rev.) George M. Murphy, S.J.
Milton (Mass.) Post 114

▼ Fred Hensel, the quadruple amputee whose story was featured in our April issue, makes out in spite of his handicaps. As Fred himself said, "All I have to do is look around and I can find a guy who is worse off than I am." Not only has Father Murphy detailed a type of war injury which can be far more damaging than loss of limbs alone, but there are many others. Perhaps the worst

(Continued on page 51)

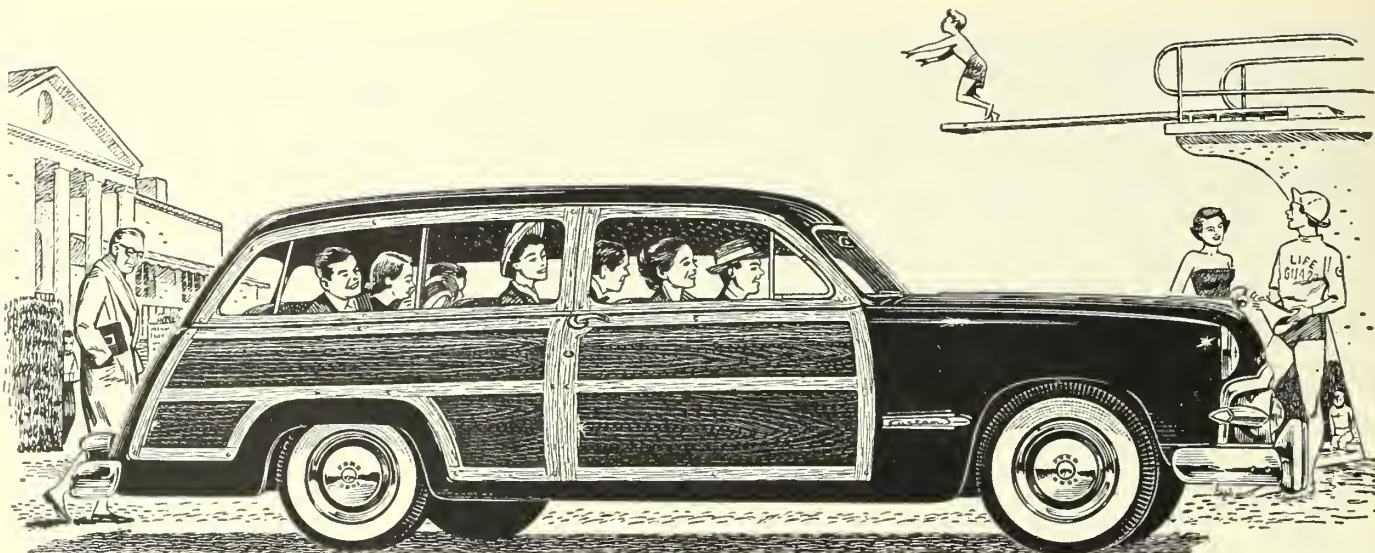


H-INSPIRING !

In places, the Grand Canyon is over a mile deep. An awe-inspiring drop! This bottle of Seagram's 7 Crown is only 10 inches deep...but every drop is ah-inspiring...because every drop is pre-war quality at its magnificent best.

Say Seagram's and be Sure... of Pre-War Quality

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK



The '49 Ford has been awarded the Fashion Academy Gold Medal as the 'Fashion Car of the Year'

It's a Dream Wagon...this '49 FORD

with its  of steel and the new FORD "FEEL"!



It's steel, steel, steel.

Yes, it's all steel—even under that gleaming molded plywood paneling. It's Ford's famous all-steel "Lifeguard" body, welded into a rigid unit for even greater strength. Truly a heart of steel, wrapped in luxury!

It's sealed against dust.

The convenient easy-opening tailgate—as well as the doors—is completely weather-sealed to guard against annoying dust and water leaks. Here's a feature you'll certainly appreciate, especially when you're touring.

Feel that safety!

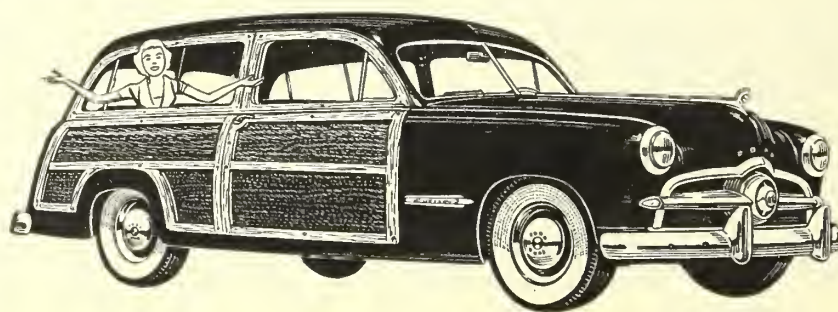
This new Ford "Dream Wagon" has two wide doors instead of four narrow doors, a blessing to parents of small children. There's more visibility all around. The new Magic-Action King-Size brakes are 35% easier acting.

And feel that comfort!

There's plenty of room for eight big people, plus a ride that's in a class by itself—thanks to new "Hydra-Coil" front springs and new "Para-Flex" rear springs that smooth out the roughest roads!

Feel that power!

You'll love this great car's performance... it's powered with the famous 100 h.p. Ford V-8, the same type of engine used in America's costliest cars. Why not see the new Ford Station Wagon today? Take the wheel—try the new Ford "Feel"!





WHAT MAKES THEM COMMIES?

By BENJAMIN
GITLOW

It's hard to figure out the crackpots and sharpies who make up the commie conspiracy. But this gives you an idea

COMMUNISM so inflames the emotions of those who fall under its spell that their entire mode of thinking is changed. Americans who accept communism are no exception, even though they live in a country of great material well-being and a very high degree of individual freedom.

Those who join the communist movement become intolerant zealots. Idealists discard their idealism, their devotion to humanity for the rituals of communist bigotry. Honest workers become knaves. Men, on party orders,

ILLUSTRATED
BY JOHN McDERMOTT

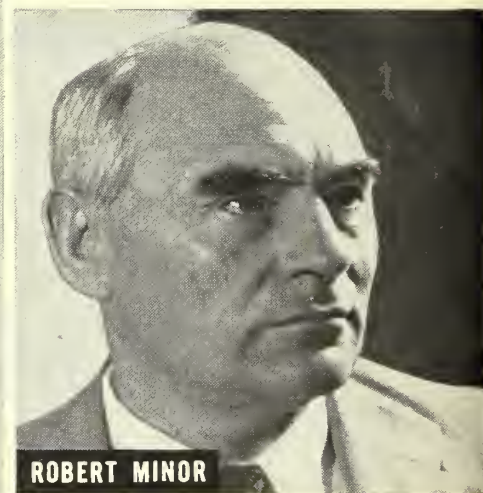




WILLIAM MCKIE

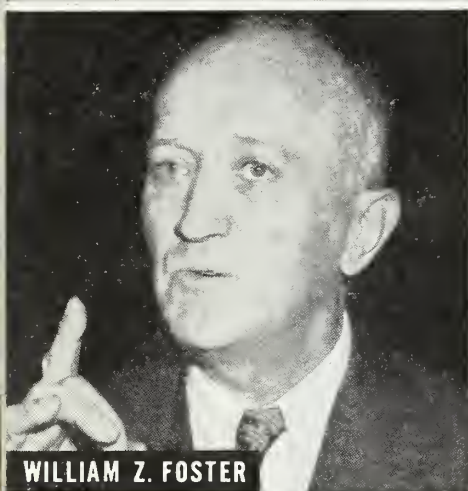
FEW COMMIES are bigger fanatics than McKie. The idea of wrapping an evictee in the flag, as shown below, was his

Comes the revolution, here are the people who will run your country — unless Joe has a purge!

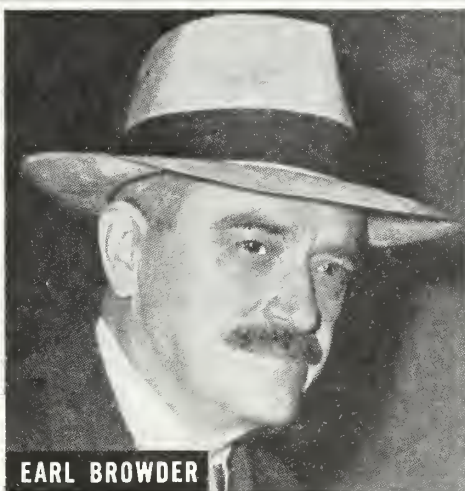


ROBERT MINOR

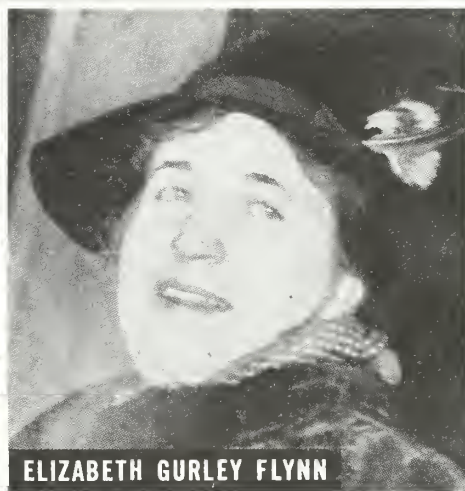




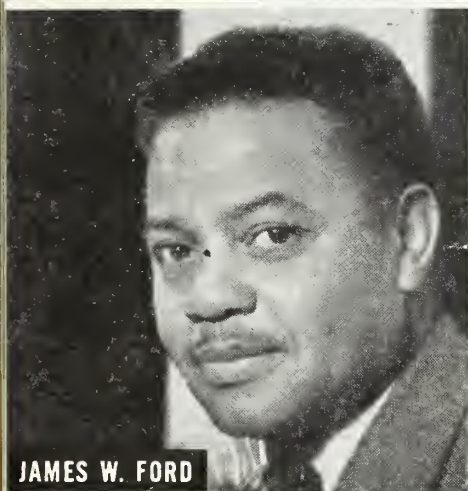
WILLIAM Z. FOSTER



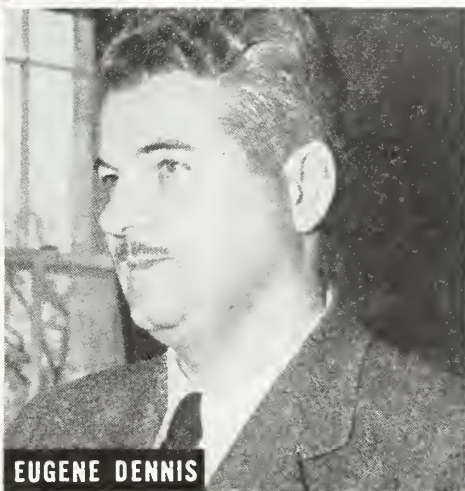
EARL BROWDER



ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN



JAMES W. FORD



EUGENE DENNIS



COMRADE RIZAK (JOHN STEUBEN)

abandon their families to live with communist amazons. Patriots are turned into spies and traitors. In a short time they are transformed into political tricksters and hardened conspirators, devoid of all moral restraint. Once initiated, they agree that it is necessary for the communist party to employ chicanery, intrigue and deceit; to use force and violence and commit crimes, even murder, to gain their objectives.

Individuals who join the communist party are required to take an oath of allegiance to the Soviet Union as the fatherland of the workers all over the world. They pledge themselves to give the whole of their lives in working for the overthrow of the United States Government and the triumph of Soviet power.

What induces individuals, formerly loyal to America, to join a movement that is irreligious, criminal and based on treason?

Most people who join the communist movement do so out of idealistic reasons. They represent all classes of the population. They are workers, intel-

lectuals, professionals, teachers, ministers, business men, students — young and old people who resent poverty and are consumed with a passion to improve the lot of mankind. They constitute the most zealous and blind fanatical followers of communism and supporters of the Soviet Union. To them communism is a universal religion and the communist party holy.

Paradoxical as it seems, when idealists are transformed into cynical, power hungry, realistic communists, not bothered by scruples or conscience, the hold of communism on them, as a goal to be obtained through force and maintained by depotism and terror, is strengthened, not weakened. Seasoned communists are much more dangerous, for in the place of the honesty of purpose and the soul of idealism that was their ruling passion at the start, now reigns a calculated determination to conquer and rule, cost what it may. They have grown into cruel professional revolutionists, without compassion for the sufferings they may inflict upon mankind in achieving communist destiny by means of a bru-

tal and bloody ascendancy to power.

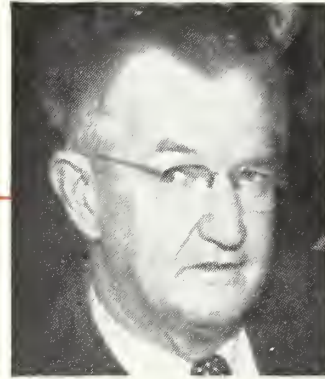
William McKie, veteran communist leader in Detroit, strikingly illustrates what happens to the idealist in the communist party. A background of strong religious idealism dominated this man in his youth. His father was a devout Quaker, his mother an active member of the Salvation Army. McKie boasts of his accomplishments as a bandmaster of the Salvation Army and is proud of the fact that it did not prevent him from becoming a communist. The poverty and misery he saw in Salvation Army shelters started him on the road to communism.

A more devout, fanatical devotee of the communist party is hard to find. McKie led the first strike in the giant Ford River Rouge plant. This man, whose heart once bled for the miserable wretches of the slums, used an army of thugs armed with daggers, iron pipes and baseball bats to force the automobile workers, against their will, to go out on strike. Innocent heads were cracked open. Plant machinery valued at millions of dollars was turned (*Continued on page 52*)

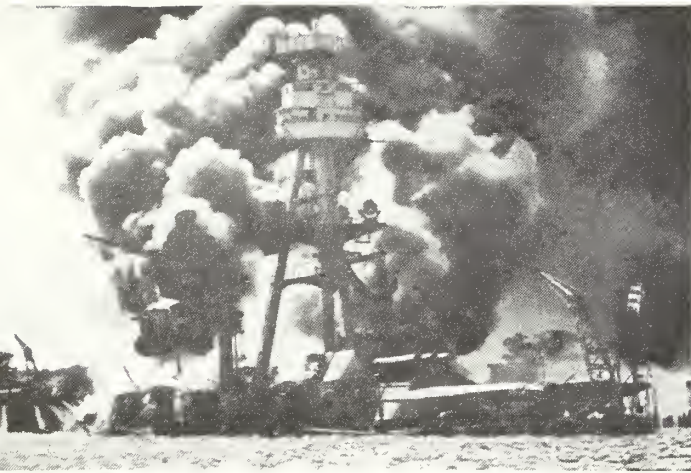
A Fighting Chance for

By PERRY BROWN

National Commander, The American Legion



At long last it looks as though there will be an end to the civil war raging within the Pentagon



A LACK of unity contributed to the disaster of Pearl Harbor, but the lesson was not learned

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DAUGHERTY

A FEW WEEKS ago, a husky, outspoken veteran named Louis A. Johnson was handed one of the most crucial jobs in United States history. This former American Legion National Commander was sworn in as Secretary of Defense and asked to end the bitter inter-service warfare that has been paralyzing our national defenses.

Throughout the country, millions of patriotic people turned to Johnson for action. It was up to him, they said, to see to it that the 2,117 Americans who lost their lives at Pearl Harbor—victims of Army-Navy disunity—had not died in vain.

Few men have ever been given a tougher assignment.

With the passage of the National Security Act of 1947—the Armed Forces unification measure—America was led to believe that the Army, the Navy and the Air Force had at last composed their differences.

America was wrong.

On the April day that Johnson took his oath of office, there was more feuding inside the National Military Establishment than there had been before

the law was enacted. The situation was so bad that it actually was endangering our national security. These are some of the things that Johnson found himself up against.

Despite the very real threat of war, the Armed Forces had no overall strategic plan for resisting an aggressor. The Joint Chiefs of Staff, America's highest military body, could not agree on how the next war should be fought.

The defenses of America's most critical area were hamstrung. Notwithstanding the lessons learned at Pearl Harbor, no single commander had been placed in charge of the strategic Northeast Approach, the vital command which comprises "U. S. bases and forces" in Iceland, Greenland and other hot spots off the Northeastern sections of the United States.

Because of dissension in The Pentagon, there was no long range industrial mobilization plan.

At Pearl Harbor, there were just two services fighting each other, the Army and the Navy. On April 1st, there were three, the Army, the Navy and the newly independent Air Force, and the battles between them were

threatening to wreck the national defense program.

There was outright war between the Air Force and the Navy over control of strategic bombing.

There was war between the Navy and the Air Force over anti-submarine measures.

There was war between the Air Force and the Army over the role land troops are to play in World War III.

There was war between the Army and the Navy over the status of the Marine Corps.

Twice, James V. Forrestal, Johnson's predecessor as Secretary of Defense, had called top secret sessions of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in an effort to iron out these differences and get all three services to play on the same team. Fighting not only continued but it was even intensified.

Late last summer, for instance, Forrestal met with the Joint Chiefs behind sentry-guarded doors at Newport, R. I. Here it was formally agreed that the Air Force would be given primary responsibility for strategic air warfare, and the Navy jurisdiction over "the anti-subma- (Continued on page 45)

UNIFICATION



FEW MEN have ever been given a tougher assignment than the new Secretary of Defense

Double Cross or Nothing

He wasn't much of a boxer, but he made out by throwing fights. And when he finally wanted to quit he was in too deep

By CLIFTON ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MUENCHEN

IT WAS just one of those funny things that happen sometimes, my running into Rocky Barnett again. I was afraid I had lost him for good — the way I had lost Madge in Detroit, and that five grand in Chicago. I was just about ready to give up looking for him—when out of nowhere there he was.

It was one of those little highway places outside of Oklahoma City, a run-down service station surrounded by oil derricks and a million miles of glass sky. When I saw the beer sign I rolled my car in next to the gas pumps,

switched the motor off and went in.

Inside, there was a sandwich counter with no customers, and a bar in the back with two men that looked like they might be oil field workers. One of the oilmen must have just pulled a good one because they were having a hearty laugh about something when I came in. That was when I first spotted the bartender as Rocky Barnett.

What do you do at a time like that, when you run onto a guy that crossed you once? That had been in Chicago. The fans said it had been a good fight, but I don't know about that. All I

know was it had been fixed for Rocky Barnett to go to sleep in the sixth and he hadn't done it.

But funny enough, I wasn't thinking about that. There had been Madge, too. When John Baron took Rocky on his string in Detroit I lost her, just as sure as I lost that five grand. That's what I was thinking when I spotted Rocky Barnett in that highway joint.

When he looked up and saw me his face went white. He stared at me for about three seconds, but it must have seemed like three hours to him. The two oil workers mumbled something, finished their beers and got out of the place.

Rocky still wasn't a big guy, but it would take a lot of training to get him down to welter-weight again. His brick-colored hair was cropped short. He had thick ears and a flat nose to prove that he had never been very smart in the ring. He waited until he was over his surprise of seeing me, then he came up to where I was.

"What'll it be, sir, a beer?"

I said, "A beer."

I watched while he went down to the spigot, got the beer and brought it back.

I said, "You move around, Rocky. Some of the boys have been wondering where you got to."

The act was over. I saw fear come up behind his (Continued on page 41)



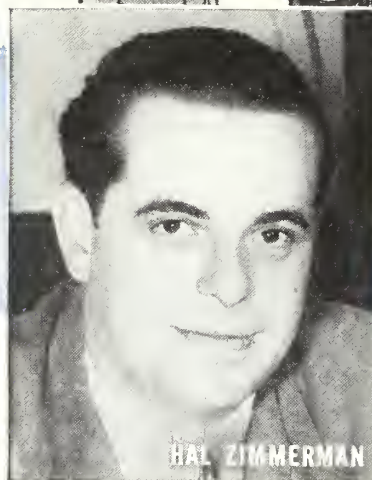


AS THE REFEREE picked up the count Madge's eyes begged Rocky to get up. Whatever he decided to do in those few seconds could mean the difference between life and death



BILLY ROSE

"The thing to do is get on the production end of television. Produce shows then sell them to sponsors."



HAL ZIMMERMAN

"I've sold millions of items by mail . . . I started in business with a little money I saved as a private."

You Can Still Make

Several expert money-makers not only say,
you can still get rich—they tell you how

IN THE GOOD old Horatio Alger days the art of becoming a millionaire was a fairly simple routine.

You sold papers on the street in all kinds of weather, not excepting blizzards and tornadoes, until one day a

kindly old customer, who turned out to be none other than Silas Worthmore, a big corporation owner, admired your pluck and offered you a job as office boy.

By perseverance and determination you slowly began working your

way up the ladder. Then, several rungs later, while you were walking along the sidewalk, a pair of wild, runaway horses suddenly raced down the street dragging behind them a carriage in which sat a beautiful but terrified maiden.

You dashed into the street and saved the damsel in distress. It was well worth the effort because she always turned out to be Silas Worthmore's only daughter and, as a consequence, you found yourself boosted all the way to the top of the corporation, holding down an upper-bracket job and presumably earning a fabulous salary.

In volume after volume this method of becoming a millionaire never varied in the Alger chronicles, and no wonder, since it appeared to be just about



WINTHROP ROCKEFELLER

"In the oil business there are 34,000 companies and always room for one more, started on a shoestring."



G. A. SHALLBERG

"Keep your eyes open, then get next to some new invention in which you have faith. Stick to it thru thick and thin."

a Million

By HAROLD HELFER

foolproof. But today things are somewhat different. In the first place, many newspaper vendors belong to unions and it is highly doubtful whether a newsboy would be permitted to sell papers in gale-like weather. In the second place, of course, there are very few horse-drawn carriages and, besides, the boss's daughter has become quite adept at handling anything wild.

But the most serious drawback of all in the Horatio Alger formula today is that, even if you reach a top position with a big corporation, you can't become a millionaire because of income tax inroads. No matter how fabulous the salary, the income tax manages to be just as stunning.

In fact, there seem to be a few individuals who are convinced that it is impossible today because of the tax

set-up to achieve millionaire status.

They sit around and brood. They feel that the high tax structure has solidified our economic structure, that those who were millionaires will remain so but that the door to this charmed circle has been barred to newcomers. No matter how hard they may work, no matter how much genius they may possess, they lament morbidly, no one will ever be able to point at them and say: "Look—see that man—he's a millionaire!"

Not wishing to see these people suffer so miserably, I recently called on a number of persons who ought to know and asked them if it were possible, starting from scratch, to become a millionaire today and, if so, how they'd go about it.

The answers on how to attain the

millionaire status varied but on one thing there was unanimous accord: *It could be done.*

It would have to be done through the capital gains route, they pretty much agreed, which meant that sooner or later the individual would have to branch out on his own or gain an equity in the company with which he was affiliated.

But pinned down to, "Well, then, you think it still can be done—becoming a millionaire?" they all—from Winthrop Rockefeller to Secretary of Interior Ickes and from Eric Johnston to Billy Rose—had almost the identical answer: "Why, sure—it's being done every day."

Perhaps the most optimistic of all was Arthur Capper, an old gentleman who is one of (Continued on page 39)

Seven Top Vacation Spots



YELLOWSTONE

ONE OF THE GREATEST SHOWS on earth is the geyser Old Faithful, which for years has been packing 'em in at Yellowstone Park

GLAMOR SPOT of Manhattan is Radio City, with its fine shops, restaurants and theaters—not to forget broadcasting studios



NEW YORK CITY

NEWLYWEDS are not the only ones who travel to this famous spot. With good reason, it is a mecca for tourists generally



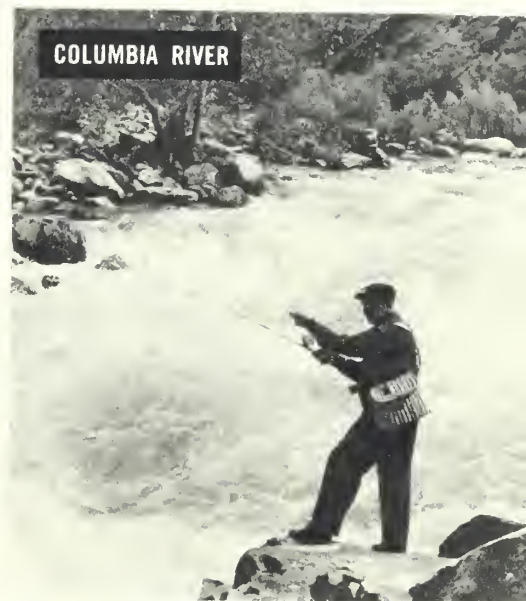
NIAGARA FALLS



HERE ARE EIGHT more reasons why Florida becomes more popular every year. The State also has fine beaches and lots of sunshine

Are you wondering how to spend your precious days away from work this year? Here are some ideas that may solve the problem for you

CO HELP you make up your mind where to spend your vacation, here are seven places you might consider. Not wanting to fight a war with thousands of Chambers of Commerce we won't describe these spots as "the most popular." They are, however, among the most popular, according to travel agents, railroad people and others who sell vacations. No one knows with any certainty just how many people visit these places, but this year the experts say there will be more than ever before. Incidentally, one of our sources of information passes along a suggestion. Why not, he says, visit the Chicago Railroad Fair this summer and see a lot of tourist attractions—facsimiles of top vacation spots—in one place?



A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE is the northwest. Anglers who have fished its wild streams say it is unbeatable

THE ONLY WAY you can appreciate the grandeur of this tremendous gorge is to see it. And that is why thousands of tourists head for it every year

GRAND CANYON



CALIFORNIA deals in superlatives. This spot is one that richly deserves them

YOSEMITE



Dollars on Your House

A VETERAN with a six-room clapboard house, brand new since V-J day, recently realized that the paint was falling off it like the autumn leaves, and if he were to save the house he'd better recoat it. He was somewhat surprised to find that a professional repaint job would cost him \$450—about average for a painter's skilled time and service today on a house of that type. As with many of his buddies, the initial cost of the house plus the high cost of living had already absorbed his past and future earnings, and the \$450 wasn't to be found. To save the house he did the job himself, with the very best paint to be found, at a cash outlay of \$85 plus his own time and effort. Only time will tell if he actually saved money, or if he has repeated some of the things which originally caused his quickie post-war house to shed its skin in a hurry.

Although paint isn't generally considered a special veterans problem, circumstances have made it peculiarly so right now. Hundreds of thousands of veterans own homes built two to four years ago on which, for a great number of special reasons, the original coat of paint has expired or is expiring in a hurry. Many of these veterans will be compelled to turn painter themselves because of financial reasons. Now is the time to consider how best to get their money's worth when practicing another man's trade. What to do?

First, of course, if the paint on the outside of a house is cracked to the wood or priming coat, if it is peeling or chalked down to the grain, repainting should not be put off beyond this spring or early fall. The value of the house is at stake.

He who can afford a professional job should have one done by all means, and avoid "saving money" by making the painter use low-priced exterior paint. Most of the cost is labor and many a man has pinched pennies on the paint only to have his new job break up or chalk off quickly, subjecting him to the big labor cost again

much sooner than is necessary.

But how about the home-owner who can't afford a professional job and plans to repaint by himself rather than let the job go? How will he be sure of a good job? What should he pay for paint?

Good outside paints cost in the neighborhood of \$6 and up a gallon today. The nationally advertised brands are all good. Their low-priced paints are also good—for the money—but don't belong on those wooden surfaces of a home which are exposed to weather. Pigments and oils that will stand up well under weathering cost too much to come cheap. Ask an honest seller of low-priced paint, "Is it good," and his highest praise should be, "For that price." Use it on a dog house, garage, hen-house or tool shed—or on wood which is protected from weather.

Many paints sold locally only are excellent, but the only guide to quality is the local reputation of the maker. One can be gypped by an unknown brand. If it sells for a high price it *could* be a lousy paint masquerading in the price range of good products. Firms which intend to stay in business and keep one trade name alive are in the habit of delivering full value. War surplus paint is a gamble. Neither buyer nor seller has any sure way of knowing for what it was designed. A man may gamble on many paint jobs around the house to save a penny here and there, but should think twice about risking the exterior of his home.

Before buying, consider a few other things. Many outside paint formulas apply equally well in ordinary circumstances, but if a house is in an area where there is a lot of industrial smoke, near an alkaline lake or desert, or by the sea, the owner should consult a local painter about the special conditions before buying paint. Some chemicals in the air make it advisable locally to employ certain kinds of basic pigments only.

Need one trust the manufacturers' hint that he should use different paints or follow different directions for different coats? (Continued on page 61)



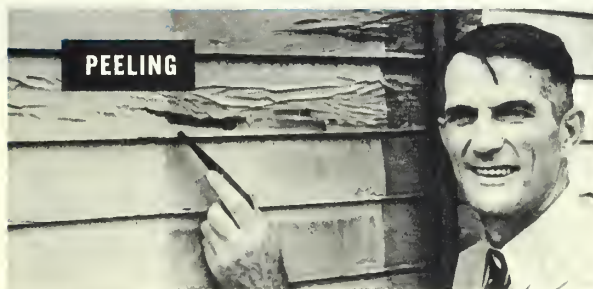
By JIM JENKINS, JR.

Most veterans' homes need painting today. Here are some things to know if cost forces you to do it yourself

Common-Sense Painting Hints That Pay



ALL EXTERIOR PAINT "chalks" or powders off. Quality paint does it slowly and keeps clean-looking. Cheap paints chalk rapidly, as above, where pigment has washed down over the bricks



BEFORE REPAINTING remove old coat that peels like this, or it may continue peeling and take new coat off. If excess moisture in wood causes peeling, source of moisture must be removed to prevent repeat peeling



"ALLIGATORING" is a familiar paint failure. Common causes: use of wrong formula for either or both coats; application of second coat too soon after the first one



USE A CAULKING GUN to fill large cracks around doors, windows, chimneys. Caulking eliminates many moisture troubles. Caulking equipment and other paint accessories can usually be rented inexpensively



How Truck Drivers Survive

With them highway safety is bread and butter, life and death, big business—and a fine art. What do they know about driving that you don't?

By MYRON STEARNS

LHUNDERING through the night, along the highways of every state from Maine to California, roll America's trucks, the big freight haulers of the road. Behind a six or seven ton, ten thousand dollar "horse" (cab and motor) with 200 horsepower under the hood, trails a huge "box" (trailer) loaded with perhaps fifty thousand dollars worth of cargo—twenty or thirty tons in all,

hurtling along at forty or fifty miles an hour. From a standing start this behemoth can howl up to sixty miles an hour in a single minute, and with its powerful air-brakes drop back to zero in six seconds.

Ordinary cars, such as you and I drive, edge nervously away as it roars past; it could crush our coupes and sedans like eggshells. Yet—and this is even more of a marvel than the giant

itself—it is about the safest thing on the road.

Behind the wheel, more powerful than any other driver on the highway, sits a man of perhaps thirty-five or forty who has learned how to handle his giant with superlative skill, with road-knowledge and traffic-wisdom such as few part-time motorists ever possess.

If you doubt this, try attending one of the big "truck rodeos," at which spectators who watch the men handle their huge rigs with easy dexterity get almost as excited as ring-side enthusiasts at a prizefight. Each year, in this amazing exhibition of driving skill, expert handlers who have won their state competitions meet in a grand national finale. They serpentine their big outfits forward and backward, through a narrow alley to within six inches of a loading dock, drive between lines of small markers just four inches farther apart than the outside of their big tires, and so on. Parallel parking, for instance, sees each contestant in the semi-trailer class park



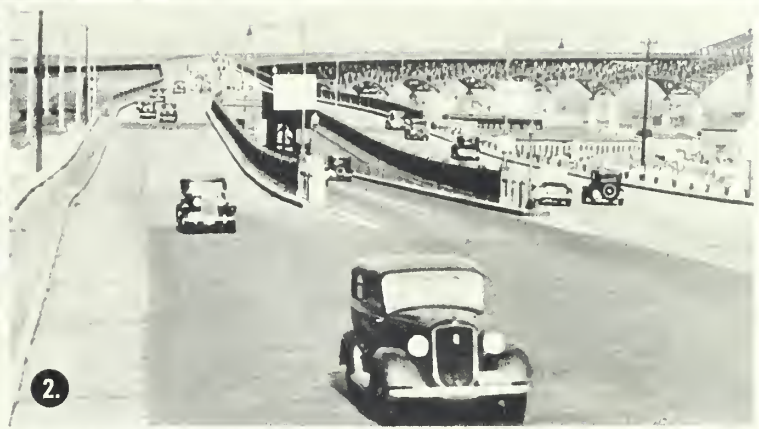
1.

WHAT SPECIAL PROBLEM faces truck driver about to turn right when light changes? Can't see truck signals, may jump light, ram cab. Driver of car on inside has swung out to effect turn with trailer. He has swung out to effect turn with trailer.



3.

WHAT WARNING do truckers see in above scene? Otherwise dry highway mud may have been tracked on the main road by vehicles, making one slick spot on an otherwise dry highway.



2.

WHY ARE BRIDGES dangerous in winter? Moisture that stays wet on roads with earthen beds may freeze on bridges where cold air passes below. Above, Jersey's famous Pulaski Skyway, often closed by sleet.



4.

SUPPOSE IT WERE RAINING on the above scene. Road wet, visibility low, maybe a train coming. But what else? That dark oil ribbon, dripped from thousands of cars, will be invisible and slick when wet.

between vehicles at a curb. The space is only four feet longer than the 30-foot box itself, and of course much shorter than the length of the whole tractor-and-trailer rig. The driver loses points if he fails to move in smoothly, backs unnecessarily, touches either of the parked cars, touches the curb, or fails to end up within six inches of it—with his cab or "horse" jack-knifed into the street.

Last year's big winner of the National Rodeo, held at Washington, D. C., in October, was a quiet driver named Grayson Thomas, from North Carolina. I asked him where he developed such skill.

"Don't believe I can tell you that," he said. "It's just from driving, I guess, and studying how to get better at it. Some of it," he went on, "is probably just luck."

How much luck? Associated Transport, for which he drives, is only one of more than 2500 Class A truck fleets in the United States; it alone has 2500 drivers. Thomas had to outdrive contestants from many fleets, 150 from his

own, and two former champions to hit the jackpot. Some of the fleets are really tremendous: Armour and Company alone have more than 7,000 vehicles.

Thomas' first training, he told me, came from driving a school bus in North Carolina, while he was still in school. You have to be more careful in driving a school bus full of jump-up-and-shout youngsters than with anything else on the road. Three years of that before he was twenty, then Thomas drove for a big milling company. He began to get pretty good. Next, his first really big job on the road: hauling automobiles from Detroit, down through the tortuous roads of the West Virginia hills, to Greensboro, North Carolina. Two drivers for a 1400-mile round trip, with only an hour off during loading in Detroit. One man slept in the narrow bunk just behind the driver's seat—the "suicide box"—while the other handled the rig.

"You have to be on the watch every second," Thomas says, "like a wild animal."

To get a better understanding of that "watching like a wild animal" let's climb up into the high cab with another good driver, Eddie Tilzer of the Hancock Truck Lines of Indianapolis. Like Grayson Thomas, Eddie has a record of years of no-accident driving behind him, something like a million miles of it, or more than three times as many miles as ordinary motorists drive in a lifetime. Nationwide accident figures show at least one smash-up bad enough to be reportable every 50,000 miles, so you get an idea of what a million-mile, three-lifetime no-accident record means.

We're heading toward Chicago in one of the heaviest snowstorms of the year. Perhaps we'll have a chance to see one or two of the wrecks that all "road drivers" are only too familiar with. It's snowing so hard that we slow down to 20 miles an hour. Passenger car drivers, often with more faith in their ability to avoid a wreck than real skill, swing blithely around us and disappear into the swirling flakes ahead. Eddie, (Continued on page 37)



THE DAY

Many died in the surf, and more on the beach, but their comrades took and held the strip. And D-Day became the Beginning of the End. Five years later, here's to them, living and dead!

By HAMILTON GREENE

THE RIVER VIRE, cutting the high bluffs of Normandy's north shore, crosses a wide and sloping beach to reach the Bay of the Seine. Frenchmen call this stretch of cobbles and surf by words of their own, but we know it as Omaha Beach, the hole through which in the main we funneled the millions of men, the tons of supplies that eventually destroyed the Nazis.

Here, on June 6, 1944, just five years ago this month, the Big Gamble hung in balance. By dawn of D-day, Invasion was already old in terms of planning and production, shipping and supply—Air Force, Airborne and Navy effort. But here, during the gray, smoky hours that followed the thunder

of bombardment, Invasion paused for breath while the small assault boats of the first wave left their mother craft and headed for shore through a wind-swept rough, green tide.

From command ships a mile offshore, the army and navy brass straining through binoculars could see those crawling boats against a backdrop of bluffs shrouded in the stormy mists of morning. They knew the beach well, from study of hundreds of Air Force photographs, but they couldn't actually see it. Chiefs of staff, high and low, afloat as well as ashore in London and Washington, also knew the beach. They knew it as a line on an acetate overlay—the important initial phase of the Plan which was neatly bound

within the covers of a bulky volume called Operation Overlord. To them, the beach was Step One of a continuing land assault which was designed to and would in fact paralyze the Germans and lead to the end of the war in the West.

But the white-faced infantrymen crowding the ribs of those relentless LCVPs could see the beach, and to them it was more than Idea. For when the boats, running their approach through the outermost obstacles, finally banged to a stop against the steel beams of closely sown beach traps, Idea faded before the shrill insistence of reality. In the face of hammering machine gun fire, the ramps went down. And at that moment, Operation Overlord burst from the confines of neatly mimeographed text and shattered into fragments of agonized individual experience.

The Planners stopped, watching fearfully. Americans, exultant by temperament, paused at their radios, were suddenly sobered, and they prayed. The higher purposes of Victory thinned out. International morality became a few regiments of men floundering chest deep through surging gray-green surf. Resolve, Paperwork, Output, all fused into single acts of stark courage or stupidity—individual patterns of reflex, fortunate or fatal. Awful hesitation, and horrible bravery.

To the drenched and gasping American, his carried weapon did not matter now. (Continued on page 48)

Veterans Newsletter

A DIGEST OF EVENTS WHICH ARE LIKELY TO BE OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO YOU

June, 1949

RIGHTS OF PEACETIME VETERANS: VA has issued a peacetime fact sheet outlining the benefits for which the armed service veterans who did not serve through the war period are eligible to apply....It boils down to consideration for service-connected disabilities, or death, and provision for survivors, but it does not include the war veterans' right to take education and training under the GI Bill of Rights.... VA explains that a peacetime veteran is entitled to hospitalization and other treatment if his disability was incurred in line of duty or was either service-connected or service-aggravated....He is also entitled to care in his own home if he meets those requirements and cannot earn his own living and has no adequate means of support.

* * * *

NO PAYMENT NECESSARY UNDER GI BILL: No down payment for training is necessary under the GI Bill, warns the Education and Training Section of the National Rehabilitation Commission....All that is required of a veteran is a certificate of eligibility issued by the VA....Schools soliciting veteran trainees and requiring down payments or signed agreements in advance of enrollment are possibly not fully approved by the VA....Vets planning to take GI Bill training in schools, on-the-job, or by correspondence should first check with the VA whether the course of training has been officially approved....Many vets have been accepted for courses by educational institutions before they have been issued either an original or supplementary certificate of eligibility....Vets must understand that until these are issued, VA assumes no financial obligation for payment of tuition or other expenses....If a course is not finally approved or a certificate of eligibility is not issued to the vet then collection is strictly a matter between the school and the trainee.

* * * *

COUNTER-SUBVERSIVE LEGISLATION: Maryland and New Jersey Legislatures have passed strong additions or revisions to their counter-subversive codes, both with active American Legion support....In other States, notably Indiana, Illinois and California, counter-subversive legislation had rough going principally because of noisy and persistent opposition from

small communist and misled liberal groups. ...Legion support was less forceful.... Investigation of communist influence on the campuses of Roosevelt College and University of Chicago, both in Chicago, is being conducted by Illinois State Legislature with Dr. J. B. Matthews as chief counsel....Dr. Matthews was a principal speaker at all 1949 Legion area conferences on subversive activities.

* * * *

ARMY DAY ABOLISHED: On April 6th in hundreds of American communities security-minded citizens and service men marched the traditional Army Day into history.... A decree issued by Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson, in the interest of unification of the defensive forces, abolished the special Army, Navy and Air Force Days. ...Next year a unified Armed Forces Day will be set apart by official order for special observance.

* * * *

ARMY WANTS DATA FROM VETS: The Historical Division, U. S. Army, seeks documentary evidence from WW2 vets in connection with the preparation of an official history of the Army's part in the war....Specifically desired is background information on field orders, plans, and after-action reports. ...Send information to Historical Division, Special Staff, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.

* * * *

SHOSHONE HOMESTEAD LAND OPENING: Vets looking for homestead lands are invited to investigate the possibilities of the Shoshone area in Wyoming....Notice has been given that 12,073 acres of irrigable public land, comprising 104 farm units, in the Heart Mountain Division of the Shoshone Project, located near Ralston, Wyoming, and 20 miles from Cody, on Wyo. Highway 14, is being opened to homestead entry....Adjacent area has been settled by 112 WW2 vets....Preference is given to WW2 vets....All applications must be in the office of the Superintendent, Shoshone Project, Bureau of Reclamation, Box 900, Cody, Wyoming, by 2:00 p.m., July 12, 1949. ...Application blanks are obtainable from the same office, or from Department of the Interior, Bureau of Reclamation, Washington 25, D. C.

ILLINOIS HUNTING BONUS-OWNERS: A nationwide search for owners of more than a quarter of a million dollars in Illinois WW2 bonus checks has been set on foot.... The checks belong to eligible vets who failed to notify bonus authorities of a change of address after filing their original claims.... Sucker State vets who moved after filing, and who have been wondering what happened to their bonus check can pick up a nice piece of change by writing Benjamin O. Cooper, Auditor of Public Accounts, Springfield, Illinois.... He has found 150 check-owners through local newspapers, but a lot of the veterans live outside the State.... Auditor Cooper has also about 100 undelivered bonus checks for WW1 veterans.

* * * *

SURVIVING CONFEDERATE VETERANS: The 84th anniversary of Appomattox found 40 Confederate veterans still alive, outnumbering the survivors of the National Army, of whom there are less than 30.... Of the 40, 38 are on the pension rolls of 12 Southern States.... Texas, with seven, has the largest number of surviving Confeds.... Their average age is 101.

* * * *

LAST OF SOUTH PACIFIC WAR DEAD: LST 711, graves registration ship, landed at Honolulu in late April with the bodies of 120 American WW2 dead.... Thus ended the last general search for the men who fell in the South Pacific war.... The craft had spent ten months in the search, covering 25,000 miles, and making 96 stops in the Solomons, at Fiji, the New Hebrides, New Zealand, Samoa, the Phoenix Islands, Tasmania, and in Australian ports.... Most of the bodies were found in the Solomons, unburied, and covered only by a 6-year accumulation of leaf-mold in the jungles.... The body of Ernie Pyle, America's No. 1 war correspondent, has been returned to Honolulu from the temporary grave on Ie Jima for burial in the new National Cemetery now under construction in the Punch Bowl crater, overlooking Waikiki and the blue Pacific.

* * * *

NEW YORK'S CONSPICUOUS SERVICE CROSS: An amendment to the Military Law of the State of New York makes veterans of both World Wars who have been awarded the Purple Heart eligible for the award of the State Conspicuous Service Cross.... Applications may be obtained by addressing a request to the State Adjutant General, Albany, N. Y.

* * * *

SUBVERSIVE LIST UPHELD: A court decision of highest importance in combatting front and subversive groups was handed down at Washington in late April when Federal Judge Matthew McGuire refused to order Attorney General Tom C. Clark to remove the International Workers Order, Inc., from his "subversive" list.... He also denied the organization's petition for an injunction

forbidding the Federal Government to fire Federal employees who are also members of the IWO.... This group, which claims 185,000 members, describes itself as a fraternal benefit society.... It claimed 1,860 lodges in 18 States and the District of Columbia when it was put on the Attorney General's list in 1947.... Judge McGuire ruled that the group had "no standing to sue" and that it failed to show any "unlawful invasion" of its rights.

* * * *

BUTTON FOR POST-WAR VETS: A distinctive button for civilian wear by men who served in the armed forces after WW2 has been authorized.... The button will bear the figure of a miniature Revolutionary War minute man imposed on a red enamel disk, surrounded by 16 pointed gold rays.

* * * *

PROTECTS NAME OF LEGION: The American Legion (specifically the National Organization and the Department of Georgia) has filed an action in the Superior Court of Fulton County, Georgia, asking that a group be restrained from use of the name "Air Legion of America, Inc.".... The petition charges that because of similarity of names, confusion would necessarily result.... It also points out that exclusive right to the name was granted by Congress under the original Charter granted September 18, 1919.

* * * *

VA WILL COLLECT OVERPAYMENTS: The long overdue NSLI dividend payment (last report, to start some time in 1950) will get another kicking around if and when VA starts the actual check writing.... Reports are that VA will have a strict policy of deduction of subsistence overpayments made to vets.... Spokesmen told House Appropriations Committee that some \$20 to \$30 millions overpaid to veterans can be recaptured by withholding the amounts overpaid from the NSLI dividend checks.... That will probably mean more delay in starting the payments, while the millions of accounts are being audited to see who owes what.... Meanwhile, letters still come rolling in from vets asking about their checks.

* * * *

SERIES E BOND CAMPAIGN: The U. S. Treasury has announced a Savings Bond "Opportunity Drive" for the sale of \$1,040,000,000 Series E Bonds in a nation-wide campaign May 16 through June 30.... Bond sale committees of Legion Posts will participate in the campaign, which will stress two automatic savings plans: Payroll Savings and Bond-A-Month.... Symbol of the drive will be the covered wagon of the '49 Gold Rush.... \$47,000,000,000 in Savings Bonds are now in the hands of American citizens.... This is an all-time high and represents almost one-fourth of the liquid assets of the people.

The National Legionnaire



In conformance with a resolution adopted by the National Executive Committee at its November, 1948, meeting, The National Legionnaire is consolidated with The American Legion Magazine. The National Legionnaire section will be a regular feature of the Magazine each month, and will contain the same class of material relating to Legion programs and activities as used in that publication in past years.

National Executive Committee Reviews Programs and Policies of the Legion in Busy 3-Day Mid-Year Session

Internal Affairs of Legion Given Close Scrutiny—Rehab. Policy is Defined

A complete re-examination of the internal affairs of the National Organization of the Legion, and of its major programs, marked the three-day session of the National Executive Committee convened at the National Headquarters at Indianapolis on May 3. The sessions followed a full week of meetings of various National Standing Committees where reports were heard and considered of all phases of the Legion's activities, administratively and in the field. These committees made their reports and recommendations to the regular mid-year session of the National Executive Committee, presided over by National Commander Perry Brown.

Of the gravest concern was consideration of the Rehabilitation service and of the always-increasing load which this Legion-financed program is called upon to carry. Foreshadowed economy assaults which threaten benefits already granted to veterans of the two World Wars and of further curtailment in hospital construction and other vital services brought this issue sharply to the forefront for an exchange of ideas and information, and for long and earnest debate. The need for additional funds and for a reserve to be drawn upon in an emergency to buttress the Rehabilitation structure, and to care for the expansion of the program which seems inevitable if the present excellence of the service is to be maintained, was stressed by one member after another.

Rehab. 8-Point Program

Out of this lengthy discussion of the problems and the menace of "economies" (see article by John Thomas Taylor, Legislative Director, page 31) came a rededication of the fundamental principles of the Legion's service, as follows:

- (1) Adequate rate of compensation for service-connected disabilities and deaths.
- (2) Adequate rates of pension for non-service-connected disabilities.
- (3) Liberalized requirements for establishing nonservice-connected claims.
- (4) Liberalize National Service Life Insurance and handling of insurance matters.
- (5) Decentralize death and insurance claims to Regional Offices.
- (6) Hospitalization and medical service must continue under VA, and adequate service be available.
- (7) Complete restoration of the hospital

construction program. (8) VA must continue as an independent Governmental agency.

Other resolutions re-emphasized the Legion's opposition to socialized medicine; modification of qualifications for VA nurses to permit employment after 40 years of age, and to continue the essential VA offices having the functions of Regional Offices.

Following the reports of the Americanism and National Economic Commissions, a demand was made for stronger loyalty checks on Federal jobholders. A portion of the Hoover Commission report came under fire as being a threat to the merit system under the Civil Service System, which at the same time imperils the veterans preference rights of some 900,000 former service men now employed in Federal jobs. The Hoover plan of vesting appointive powers in individual agencies, it was urged, would hamstring policing efforts of Civil Service and open wide the door to a return of the outmoded and disgraceful political spoils system.

Resolutions were adopted urging legislation to require non-communist affidavits of any candidate for Federal

Cornerstone is Laid for New Natl. Headquarters Building—Johnson is Speaker

elective or appointive office; demanding retention of the House Committee on Un-American Activities; condemned the action of the communist party, wherever dispersed, for religious persecution; demanded trial of communist, fellow-travelers and sympathizers, which have infiltrated into high government offices and have been accused of espionage, and called for close screening of literature furnished to VA hospitals and the elimination of Red propaganda. This resolution was suggested by the VA listing of "Soviet Russia Today," a communist magazine, in its supply catalog.

Symbol of a completely reunited country, from Texas came a resolution directed to the Grand Army of the Republic proffering Legion aid and support in its 82nd and final National Encampment, which will be held at Indianapolis on August 28-September 1, simultaneously with the Legion's National Convention at Philadelphia.

Return Mexican Battle-flags

Hands across the border was forcefully expressed in a resolution urging Congress to enact a Legion-sponsored bill to authorize the return to the Republic of Mexico all Mexican battle-flags captured in the war of 1846-48 which are still in the possession of the United States. The resolution stressed the fact that these trophies have no significance or value to the American people and that their return to our friendly neighbor to the South would be an expression of hemispheric good will and would further cement the friendly bonds that now exist between these two North American Republics. Forty-two of the battle trophies are at West Point or in Washington.

In the more immediate field of Legion concern, Past National Commander Milo J. Warner, Chairman of the Special Sub-Committee on Enlarging National Headquarters, reported that the Legion's building site on D Street, Washington, D. C., had been sold at a profit of approximately \$59,000 to the Legion. At the same time he presented a proposal to demolish the 4-story red brick building at 1608 K Street NW, owned and occupied by the Washington branch of National Headquarters, and to erect a 7-story office building of memorial type on the site. This proposal was accepted

JOSEPH C. KEELEY NAMED LEGION MAGAZINE EDITOR

Effective May 1st, Joseph C. Keeley, WW2 Marine, became Editor of The American Legion Magazine. He was nominated for that post by Alexander Gardiner, who has served as Editor for the past ten years, and the Publications Commission, meeting at Indianapolis, voted the change.

Mr. Gardiner, a WW1 vet, joined the staff of the publication in 1924, and became Editor in 1939. In relinquishing the editorship, he does not leave the staff, but will continue as Advisory Editor. His successor has been with the Magazine for three and a half years as Executive Editor. He is a resident of Tuckahoe, New York, and is a member of the Leonard Morange Post 464, Bronxville, New York.

In a statement announcing the change in the editorial position, James F. O'Neil, Past National Commander and Chairman of the Publications Commission, said that it was in line with the Legion's policy of giving WW2 men responsibility at the highest levels of Legion activity.

and authorization given to proceed with the plan with the provision that the total cost of the new building, exclusive of furnishings and equipment, shall not exceed the amount in the special restricted building fund of the National Organization.

Declaring that an emergency existed in the current membership enrollment, which is some 330,000 short of the 1948 total, National Commander Brown urged an all-out effort to round up the delinquents by June 15. He declared the period from May 1 to June 15 as *The National Commander's Emergency Membership Campaign* and immediately set plans afoot to effect an emergency fighting force in each Department. In his proclamation, he pointed out that we have a short Legion year in 1949 due to the early date of the National Convention.

Philadelphia Plans for Meet

A progress report on plans for the 1949 National Convention was submitted by Vincent A. Carroll, President of the Convention Corporation and also Chairman of the National Convention Commission. He assured the Legion solons that Philadelphia would be ready at the dates fixed, August 29 through September 1, to take care of the national meeting in all of its details—and it was confidently expected that the attendance at this national conclave would break all previous records. Chairman Carroll also told the Committee that invitations for the 1950 Convention, properly documented, had been received from Los Angeles, California, and Miami, Florida, and that tentative invitations had also been received from Boston and New York. No decision as to the 1950 site will be made for some months.

The National Executive Committee, responding to a recommendation made by a special sub-committee chairmanned by Committeeman Arthur Connell, of Connecticut, authorized the sponsorship of a theatrical production in which Legion talent will be sought out and in so far as possible employed in the production. The piece, tentatively titled "This Was The Army," will be directed and staged by Leroy Prinz, Hollywood director. The project will be carried out under a separate incorporated body and, though officially endorsed, with funds subscribed by individual Legionnaires from all parts of the country. All proceeds will be devoted to the Legion's program for care of disabled veterans and child welfare activities.

The official activities of the week began with the 13th Aerial Membership Roundup on Sunday, May 1, with the activities of the day centering around Weir Cook Airport at Indianapolis. The weather man crossed up the airmen and sent heavy showers throughout the day from low-hanging clouds which blanketed the field. Only 129 of the anticipated 600 planes were able to make the landing, but they brought a total of 236,644 membership cards, with checks to cover, to National Headquarters. New York had the largest cargo of 28,673 cards, which gave the Empire State Legion a substantial boost.

The Roundup flyers and passengers, to the number of 500, were feted at a Roundup dinner at the Indianapolis Athletic Club on Sunday night at which General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, Air Force Chief of Staff, was the guest speaker.

Cornerstone Laid

Climaxing the full week of conferences, and immediately after adjournment of the National Executive Committee meeting, the cornerstone of the Legion's new \$2,500,000 National Headquarters building was laid with impressive ceremonies. The cornerstone laying followed an hour-long downtown parade which included several military units, ROTC groups, bands, drum and bugle corps, and uniformed Legion bodies led by a colorful display of the stands of colors sent by more than 30 Legion Departments to lend something of national significance to the occasion. Overhead, during the parade, a pulse-quickening air cover of 42 military aircraft flew in perfect formation.

Hon. Clarence R. McNabb, President of the Board of Trustees of the Indiana War Memorial, under whose official direction the structure is being erected from an Indiana State appropriation, served as Master of Ceremonies. Brief talks were made by Governor Henry F. Schricker of Indiana, and by National Commander Perry Brown who introduced Past National Commander Louis Johnson, Secretary of Defense, as the speaker of the day.

"We have one weapon more powerful than all the atomic bombs, the guided missiles, the battleships, the airplanes and the tanks," said Secretary Johnson. "This weapon is not a mechanical invention nor a physical contrivance. It belongs to another realm. It will never become obsolete. It always will be modern. And far from keeping it a secret we are anxious to share it with others."

NATIONAL COMMANDER PROCLAIMS MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

Declaring an emergency in the enrollment of membership for 1949, National Commander Perry Brown has issued a proclamation declaring May 1 to June 15 as the National Commander's Emergency Membership Campaign.

"The American Legion must continue to be the world's largest veterans organization," said the National Commander. "We are proud of our past achievements in membership and programs. Now we are faced with an emergency. The organization as of May 1 was 337,126 behind the 1948 Membership total. We must equal and surpass that total. To do so will take hard and fast work by present and past leaders in all echelons of the organization."

National Commander Brown set on foot an intensive clean-up drive by alerting all Department officials, and by letters to all District Commanders urging them to call emergency District meetings immediately. Posts are asked to round up delinquents and slow dues-paying members.

Special awards and prizes are offered for effort in this campaign. A specially

It is the spirit of freedom in which we have nourished our youth."

The cornerstone was sealed in place by Commander Brown and Secretary Johnson. They used the same trowel and mallet that were used by General John J. Pershing 25 years ago when he laid the cornerstone of the imposing Memorial Shrine building at the southern end of the Plaza.

EMBLEM SALES WILL SHOW WARES AT 15 STATE MEETS

In the belief that members of the Legion and Auxiliary should know of many items that are now available for the first time since the war, the National Emblem Sales has assembled a series of attractive display panels. These panels, which contain most of the items listed in the 1949 catalogs of the Legion and Auxiliary, will be shown at 15 Department Conventions in various sections of the country, beginning with the Colorado Department Convention at Greeley on June 3rd.

The traveling exhibit will be in charge of James P. Murray, Past Department Commander of Pennsylvania, now Administrative Assistant to the Director of the sales division. In announcing the exhibit, Director Carl Morris again reminds Legionnaires and Auxiliaries that the new 1949 catalogs are available on request addressed to National Emblem Sales Division, 777 North Meridian, Indianapolis 6, Indiana. A post card will suffice, but request must also give serial number of present membership card.

Potomac Post No. 202, Williamsport, Maryland, will sponsor its 4th Annual Horse Show on June 5th. Prizes have been put up for 14 classifications. More than 100 show horses will be entered.

engraved cigarette lighter will be awarded all District Commanders whose districts show a 15 per cent increase, or report an all-time high membership between May 1 and June 15. Individual membership getters who round up five or more members within the date will receive a special National Commander's card of appreciation, signed by Commander Brown.

Departments within the continental limits of the United States which enroll a 15 per cent increase during the campaign, or have equaled or surpassed their all-time highs by June 15, will be awarded one round-trip, first class ticket, from the home town of the Legionnaire designated by the winning Department, to the Philadelphia National Convention.

National Commander Brown presented his plan to the National Executive Committee which gave its full approval. At the same time the National Legion leader urged all top-flight officials in attendance at the meeting to get into the campaign. The membership deficit, he urged, can and must be licked.

Gains Made In New Economy Drive Threaten All Veterans' Benefits

Civil Service Preference Act Brought Under Attack— Pension Hearings Held

By John Thomas Taylor
National Legislative Director

The National Legislative Commission has repeatedly called attention to the **Economy Drive** so far as appropriations for veterans' benefits are concerned. Much has been said recently regarding economizing in Federal expenditures, but the **Economy Drive** so far as most Government appropriations are concerned is very general, as well as ineffective, and in most cases such appropriations are increased from time to time. *So far as expenditures for veterans are concerned, the Economy Drive, being more specific and direct, has gained momentum.*

The **Economy Drive** directed at veterans commenced during the 79th Congress. Figures showing total expenditures for veterans over a period of years were inserted in the Congressional Record and otherwise publicized. Reminiscent of the days preceding the enactment of the infamous Economy Act of 1933, bills were introduced calling for wide-spread investigations and recommendations relative to all veterans' benefits.

With the approach of Department Conventions and the National Convention, it is even more important than heretofore, that resolutions presented to our governing bodies be given the closest scrutiny and more careful consideration to assure that any action calling for legislation, particularly legislation requiring additional funds in the interest of veterans, their dependents and the security of our Country, is in line with the long established policy of our organization.

The **Economy Drive** has been continuous and it has been necessary for the National Legislative Commission and the entire organization of The American Legion and the American Legion Auxiliary to be constantly on guard against and to vigorously oppose every effort to deprive veterans and their dependents of benefits provided for them by a grateful Government.

Since the 81st Congress convened last January, additional efforts have been put forth by opponents of veterans' benefits. The American Legion and the American Legion Auxiliary spearheaded the fight against the proposed cut-back in the veterans' hospital construction program, which cut-back has been strongly advocated and supported by those elements opposed to hospitalization of veterans in non-service-connected cases.

Advocates of economy at the expense of veterans and their dependents have adopted the practice of endeavoring to defeat these benefits by publicizing cumulative figures covering the costs of such benefits over a period of many years in the future. It is significant that the submission and publication of these cumulative figures has been almost exclusively used in connection with veterans' benefits. No such projections of figures have been used in connection with other Government expenditures such as farm support, pay raises for Federal employees, Federal aid to education, national defense, foreign aid, etc.

Hoover Commission Report

In line with the foregoing, the so-called Hoover Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government has submitted to the Congress a study of the Commission's Veterans' Task Force, prepared by the Trundle Engineering Company of Cleveland. This study goes into much detail and estimates that during the next ten years the grand total for maintaining the veterans' program will be more than \$47,000,000,000. By that date, the report says, World War II veterans will have received \$36,000,000,000 in pensions, compensation and other gratuities, and \$11,000,000,000 in medical care.

Declaring that the trend in veterans' benefits is definitely upward, the report says, "It should be kept in mind that provisions for benefits to the veterans of World War II and their dependents, which have barely started, are far more generous than ever before in the country's history." "Continued pressure from various veterans' organizations and other groups may be expected," said the report, "for increasing the number and amount of benefits for World War II veterans. At the same time World War I veterans will want to match some of these demands for themselves. There is little reason, other than political, to continue any of the current laws beyond their present expiration date, or to increase materially any of the benefits now being paid. Should Congress prove too acquiescent in this respect and yield to this veteran clamor, then the projections shown will merely represent the minimum amount the American public will pay to a privileged group; and one for which ample benefits have already been provided."

The report further states, "It is evident that the present programs, some of which should even now be rescinded or restricted, should be carefully reviewed before a change in economic conditions makes them a medium by which veterans as a privileged class can escape the effects of an economic recession. The drain of the present programs upon the national economy may well be one

of the contributing causes of such a recession, although their immediate effect, of course, is to stimulate inflation and add to the so-called national income."

Regarding hospitalization, the report says, "The number of veterans requiring hospitalization for service-connected disabilities is decreasing and will continue to do so. On the other hand, cases of non-service-connected origin will increase in number as veterans become older, and economic conditions impair their earning capacity. It is in realization of this fact that the huge expansion program of hospital facilities is necessitated.

"Considerable evidence has been noted of the question in the public mind, as to the propriety of free medical service to all veterans, especially if the disability is not war connected. The law specifically states that any veteran shall receive free hospital care if a bed is available, if his condition warrants it, and if he makes an oath as to his inability to pay. Congress obviously intended a social service to be rendered under such circumstances. Many abuses of this generous provision are reported, and the Veterans' Administration admits the possibility of such conditions. However, the agency is powerless to mitigate this abuse, if, as stated by the Administrator, it has no authority to check the applicant's affidavit for admission. In the words of the Administrator: 'We have to take his statement.'

"It is recommended that the particular provision of the law excusing payment upon the simple, unchallengeable statement of the beneficiary be repealed. In its place there should be provision that hospitalization should be extended to all veterans, when facilities are available, and need for care is shown by examination. If the case is non-service-connected, the veteran should be expected to pay in accordance with his ability to do so. The Administrator should have the authority to waive or defer payment in accordance with the necessity, as his judgment may dictate. A Government hospital is not expected to operate at a profit. On the other hand, it is not a charitable institution."

Veterans Preference Attacked

In addition to the **Economy Drive**, the National Legislative Commission has also warned of efforts which have been continually made to sabotage employment benefits granted to veterans in the **Veterans' Preference Act**. The latest step in this direction is a "study" released by the Brookings Institution calling on Congress to reexamine the **Veterans Preference Law**, which it states has "fouled and stalled the whole delicate machinery" which the Civil Service Commission set up to place Federal employment strictly on a merit basis. The study was prepared by Frances T. Cahn, is entitled "Federal Employees in War and Peace" and was published in book form by the Brookings Institution, being financed through a grant from the Columbia Foundation in San Francisco.

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from page 31)

Civil Service Jeopardized

Another step which might well interfere with the proper working of, and even destroy, the Veterans Preference Act was the action taken by the House in granting reduced appropriations for the Civil Service Commission. With nearly half of the Government personnel now having a veteran status, this is of even greater importance. As passed by the House, the Independent Offices Appropriation Bill contained an item of \$14,000,000 for salaries and expenses of the Civil Service Commission. This amount is \$1,641,000 less than the 1949 appropriation and \$3,520,000 below the budget estimate.

The House Appropriations Committee report stated, "Figures presented by the Commission were to the effect that in excess of 50 per cent of placements during the next fiscal year will be made as a result of examining and recruiting work to be performed by the agencies. The Committee is of the opinion that this is a conservative estimate and that a much larger percentage of this work could be performed by the departments with resulting economy and efficiency. This procedure would be in line, also, with the recommendations of the Committee in providing a reduction in funds for the fiscal year 1950."

If this program is followed and 50 per cent of placements in the Federal Government are made by individual agencies, particularly if the Commission does not have a sufficient appropriation for adequate personnel to supervise and control these placements, not only will it be very likely that Veterans Preference will be ignored, but such procedure could circumvent Civil Service rules and regulations and lead to patronage and a spoils system of Federal employment. (As this is being written, the National Legislative Commission is endeavoring to secure corrective action during consideration of the Independent Offices Appropriation Bill by the Senate).

These attacks on veterans' preference are not trivial, and in many cases, are well organized. In addition to giving every consideration to Convention actions calling for legislation, it will be of the utmost importance and absolutely necessary for The American Legion and the American Legion Auxiliary to maintain a strong and united front in opposition to such attacks on benefits provided for veterans and their dependents.

World War Pensions

The House Committee on Veterans' Affairs has held extensive hearings on H. R. 3821, to provide pensions for veterans of World War I. This bill, which contains changes embodied in proposed amendments offered to the American Legion Pension Bill on the floor of the House, would grant a pension of \$72 per month to every veteran reaching the age of 65 whose income does not exceed \$2,000, if single, and \$3,000, if with dependents.

During the hearings, your National Legislative Director testified for two

days. He requested that the Committee, in its consideration of this legislation, confine itself strictly to the principle involved and advocated by The American Legion in the original bill presented to the Congress. He maintained that it is the long-established and historical policy of this country to provide service pensions for veterans upon reaching the age of 65 years, and that it should not be confused by the consideration of disability legislation which is already upon the statute books. In response to a request for the Legion opinion as to the cost, he replied that, in the 30 years that he has been appearing before Congress on American Legion veterans' legislation, this question has been asked on many occasions, and that he has informed the Committees that The American Legion does not hold itself out as a statistical financial expert, that it has never submitted any estimate of any cost figures on any veterans legislation, that this is a matter upon which the experts in the Government should submit figures, which are in every case the opinion of the witness to meet his personal opinion either for or against a pending bill.

CALENDAR OF IMPORTANT LEGION EVENTS IN JUNE

- 3-5 Colorado Department Convention, Greeley
- 10-12 Georgia Department Convention, Augusta
- 12-14 South Dakota Department Convention, Yankton
- 14 Flag Day
- 16-19 Alaska Department Convention, Mt. McKinley National Park
- 18 Canada Department Convention, Winnipeg
- 19-21 North Dakota Department Convention, Minot
- 20-21 North Carolina Department Convention, Raleigh
- 23-26 Maine Department Convention, Old Orchard Beach
- 24-26 Rhode Island Department Convention, Newport
- 24-26 New Hampshire Department Convention, Lebanon
- 27-29 Mississippi Department Convention, Biloxi
- 27-29 Kentucky Department Convention, Middlesboro
- 30-July 1-2 New Mexico Department Convention, Las Vegas

Housing

By a vote of 57 yeas to 13 nays, the Senate passed the American Legion-supported bill, S. 1070, to establish a National Housing objective and the policy to be followed in the attainment thereof, to provide Federal aid to assist slum-clearance projects and low-rent public housing projects initiated by local agencies, and to provide for financial assistance by Secretary of Agriculture for farm housing.

During consideration of the bill, the Senate by a voice vote adopted the American Legion-recommended amendment to section 202 eliminating a time

limit on the granting of veterans' preference to rental in public housing units. The Legion maintained that never before had a time limitation been placed on preferences afforded veterans and the Senate followed our recommendation to eliminate such time limit.

Before final action by the Senate on its General Housing Bill, the House Committee on Banking and Currency started hearings on a companion bill, H. R. 4009. Legion recommendations for an overall housing program as contained in Resolution 777 adopted by the Miami—1948 National Convention, were presented to the House Committee and the Committee was urged to amend the bill to provide for a realistic preference for veterans in all public housing projects.

The House passed the American Legion bill, H. R. 2440, to authorize the Public Housing Commissioner to sell the suburban resettlement projects known as Greenbelt, Maryland; Greendale, Wisconsin; and Greenhills, Ohio.

The House Post Office and Civil Service favorably reported, with amendment, the American Legion Bill, H. R. 2203, providing for a decennial census of housing, beginning in 1950 (Resolution 181—Miami 1948).

Veterans Administration Appropriations

The National Legislative Commission made presentations to the House Appropriations Committee regarding the elimination of \$237,000,000 in contract authority for the hospital program. In reporting the appropriation bill for the VA, the House Committee eliminated this recision and continued the availability of the entire contract authority. However, in the VA appropriation as approved by the Committee, there was a reduction of \$508,750,060 in the amount requested by the President. In approving this reduction, the Committee maintained there was no way to determine accurately the exact amount which would be needed for some of its program.

The President signed H. J. Res. 222, making additional appropriations totaling \$595,890,000 for the Veterans Administration for the fiscal year 1949. (Public Law 43—81st Congress).

Health Insurance

A Presidential message to Congress recommended the enactment of legislation to provide for a National Health Program. Bills introduced to carry out the program are S. 1679, H. R. 4312 and H. R. 4313, which provide for: (a) a Nation-wide system of health insurance; (b) help medical schools expand by providing special financial aid, also scholarship aid; (c) provide increased aid for construction of hospitals and other medical facilities; and (d) increase the amount of Federal grants to assist State and local governments in preventing and controlling certain diseases. (Resolution 453 adopted by the Miami—1948 National Convention expresses opposition to any compulsory health insurance plan.)

★ ★ LEGIONITEMS ★ ★

Department Champion of Illinois is the initiation team of WAC Post No. 919, of Chicago, which, as the name indicates, is composed entirely of former WACs. The team recently conducted the tenth annual mass initiation of new members of Posts in the First Illinois Legion District. . . . Induction of 30 new members in William Hedges Baker Post No. 27, Dover, New Jersey, was highlighted by the enrollment of six Santella brothers — Carmine, Tony, Raymond, Patsy, Razzie and Peter, all of Port Morris. Tony, who has 14 battle stars, is a patient in Lyons Hospital. Raymond is in the Navy.

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Glen Allen (Virginia) Post No. 244, which has never had a membership of more than 65, has built a new home at a cost of \$22,000, which also serves as an armory for the local National Guard unit, and as a community center. . . . N. Messinger, Fort Dearborn Post No. 268, Chicago, now living in Los Angeles, thinks he is the shortest WW1 soldier. Legionnaire Messinger towers to a height of 4 feet, 11½ inches. Any contest? . . . The 'teen-age young people of Sewanee, Tennessee, will become special charges of Bonholzer-Campbell Post No. 51 upon the completion of the Post's new home and community center. The Legion outfit has a long range plan for the welfare and recreation of youngsters, according to Commander Hayden McBea.

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For his outstanding leadership and courageous battle against elements which constantly seek to overthrow our government, Teamsters International Executive Vice President Dave Beck, (6-star Legionnaire) was presented a Distinguished Service Award by AFL Union Labor Post No. 352, Los Angeles, Cal. Presentation was made at a special ceremony preceding a regular meeting of the Joint Council of Teamsters No. 42 in Los Angeles. . . . Department Commander William G. Burns of Illinois is spearheading a drive of the Legion to assist in building a new hospital at Effingham, Illinois, to replace the one burned in mid-April with a loss of 75 lives. All money collected will be turned over to A. L. Anderson, Commander of Effingham Post No. 120.

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East Liverpool (Ohio) Post No. 4, was a bit stirred last December, when news dispatches told of decision of the Rose Bowl Committee, Pasadena, Cal., to charge admission to disabled vets. Commander Charles B. Stewart wired a protest and gave authority to admit the disabled veterans and send bill to the East Liverpool Post. As a result, East Liverpool Post had the privilege of sponsoring the Flying Wheels, basketball team of wheel chair veterans of Birmingham General Hospital, Van Nuys, Cal., when

on tour of the East. . . . A brother-sister team operates as the high command of Williams-Burgess Post No. 68, Manning, South Carolina. Robert N. DuRant, lawyer, 45 months in service in WW2, is serving his second term as Commander, and his sister, Mrs. C. W. Griffith, is well into her second term as President of the Unit. . . . West Springfield (Mass.) Post No. 207 does big things in a big way. The outfit threw a banquet party for 400 Legionnaires to witness the induction of 22 new members. Then it kicked in \$100 on a fund to purchase an elephant for the Forest Park Zoo, on recommendation of its Child Welfare Committee.

30th AND 38th ARE BOTH "ROCKS OF THE MARNE"

Now, once and for all, let it be recorded that both the 30th and the 38th Infantry Regiments are entitled to bear the motto "Rock of the Marne" on their distinctive regimental insignia. The authority for the 30th to add the motto is contained in a letter from Secretary of the Army Kenneth C. Royall to Major General Harry H. Vaughan, Military Aide to the President, dated November 16, 1948. This further statement is made to clear up an item in the *Veterans Newsletter*, this magazine for March, page 38, announcing the award to the 30th and a box declaring the 38th's claim in April, page 34. Also to avoid a sort of minor civil war between the veterans of these two proud old Regiments, both of 3rd Division in the first World War.

Another Legion Post drew six of a kind when in late March the six brothers Coppola were inducted into Broderick-Fuller-Nekola Post No. 1005, Schenectady, New York. The Coppola brothers, all WW2 vets, are Anthony, ETO doughboy; Ralph, 701st Anti-Aircraft; Louis, Infantry, wounded in Belgium; John, B-24 crew chief in the Pacific; Michael, infantry, wounded, and Angelo, also ETO Infantryman. . . . Conrad J. Hanson Jr., and Adjutant Elmer S. Sullivan are the membership-getter champs of Santa Ana (California) Post No. 131, with over 700 new and renewal members to their credit. Legionnaire Hanson copped the leather medal when he signed up his father, Conrad J. Hanson, Sr., San Antonio, Texas, 1,300 miles away from the Post's HQ.

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Adjutant John R. Hare reports that Patchogue (New York) Post No. 269 has purchased an Iron Lung for the service of the people of Greater Patchogue. . . . Stuart (Nebraska) Post will hold its annual rodeo on July 2-4. All profits will go to the construction of a new veterans' memorial swimming pool. . . . As a result

of representations made to the Borough Council by Alan Nutt Post No. 126, Cliffside Park, New Jersey, will name one of its streets in honor of the two Zalewski brothers—Corporal Anthony and Private Stanley—killed in action in WW2. . . . Members of Taxicab Post No. 1214, New York City, delivered 200 Easter baskets to patients in Fort Jay Hospital, Governors Island, in a Good Friday visit.

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Asbury Park (New Jersey) Post No. 24 has dedicated its new home, which is one of the showplaces of the Legion in that Department. Bought last year at a cost of \$32,000, the Post has expended an additional \$28,000 to make it fit the needs—and it is entirely paid for, free and clear of any encumbrance. . . . Something new in an American Legion Post child welfare program was, with the aid of its Auxiliary, inaugurated by Lysle Rishel Post No. 68, Hutchinson, Kansas, last winter. It is the Children's Hour program, twice each month, with specially selected motion pictures, entertainment features and a treat for the lads and lassies. Attendance averaged about 200. The Post furnished a room in its Legion-owned Bisonte Hotel, and the makin's for the party. The Auxiliaries supervised the children, assisted in the entertainment, and served the treat. The program will be resumed in the fall.

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Britton McKenzie Post No. 150, Tuskegee, Alabama, honored Mrs. Sadie P. Delaney, chief librarian at the Tuskegee VA Hospital, at a banquet when she was presented the Legion Award for Meritorious Service to Veterans—a silver loving cup with the Legion seal in relief. Mrs. Delaney organized the VA Hospital library 25 years ago, and has won international recognition as an authority on hospital library service. . . . William K. McKee, Sr., joined up with Capt. Willard D. Murphy Post No. 12, Department of Hawaii, then assisted in the initiation of his three sons into the same Post, reports Department Adjutant Pat Cassidy. The sons are William K., Jr., Cleghorn P., and Conkling K. . . . Stricken with incurable dermatomyositis, 11-year-old Freddie Gill has been adopted by members of Lowery-Whitehead Post No. 29, Lawton, Oklahoma. Legionnaires are helping out by frequent visits, presents, and by raising a fund known as Freddie Gill Dermatomyositis Fund to be expended for his welfare and for other stricken children.

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Public Service Post No. 159, St. Louis, Missouri, in its active child welfare program, has furnished playground equipment for 200 children attending Peace Lutheran school. The Child Welfare Committee also sponsors a drum and bugle corps manned by youngsters of St. Agnes school. . . . Past Commander Horace H. Shelton, Travis Post No. 76, Austin, Texas, has conducted more than 50 military funerals for returned WW2 dead. . . . Halligan Post No. 63, North Platte, Nebraska, contributed \$300 to buy packs for Boy Scout leaders of its home city.

DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MENTAL ILLNESS?

By George S. Stevenson, M.D.,
Medical Director, The National Committee for Mental Hygiene

Do you know that over one-half of the patients in veterans hospitals are there because they have suffered mental or emotional illness?

Do you know that there are about a million mentally ill in the United States, but that there are hospitals for only about two-thirds of them? The rest are in jails, back rooms or otherwise neglected.

Do you know how mediocre the veterans hospitals had become prior to their reorganization after World War II? This in spite of an auspicious beginning after World War I.

Then you will realize that they may again come to suffer all of the defects of the state hospitals if they do not have the protection of constant vigilance. You certainly realize how the public's generosity toward the veteran, at its height immediately following the war, slowly gave way to indifference and economy. Do you realize that the average expenditure by the states for the maintenance of their mentally ill in mental hospitals (staff, food, clothes, etc.) is less than \$1.25 per day, and that this is the kind of economy toward which the veterans service is apt to move?

Do you know that these facts are a surprise to most people? Do you know that good doctors refuse to work in hospitals that serve only as asylums? The prevalence of poor hospitals discourages good recruits from entering the psychiatric field as psychiatrists, psychiatric social workers, nurses and attendants because in poor hospitals they cannot get the kind of experience they need. You certainly realize that public indifference toward mental illness will affect veterans services as well as state services. Do you know that already to-

day hundreds of hospital beds of the Veterans Administration are unused and the wards closed because of shortage of staff?

Do you realize that one of two trends may occur? Either the services to the veterans will decline in the direction of the state services because of public indifference, or the state service will be raised to meet the respectable level now existing in the veterans hospitals because the public is still concerned about veterans. Experience shows that the first alternative is the more likely because it costs nothing and because public inertia is high. Public education is needed to combat this inertia.

Do you realize that Selective Service and armed forces statistics show that up to eight million persons are leading fully or partially crippled lives because of mental or emotional disability and are in need of special treatment by outpatient clinics? Forty per cent of the patients who come to general physicians fall in this category. Most of these should not be treated in hospitals and yet there are insufficient clinics. There will not be sufficient clinics until the public appreciates the seriousness of this need. Already the Veterans Administration has contracted with the state and local clinics for services, but there are not enough properly staffed state and local clinics, nor will there be enough until the public is made to understand the need.

Why is the public difficult to arouse? First of all mental and emotional illnesses are not killing diseases. Only about one per cent of the deaths, those due to suicide and perhaps not all of these, are due to mental or emotional disturbances. But it is not uncommon

for a mentally ill patient to be hospitalized for more than fifty years. Here are fifty years of potentially good and effective manpower lost without affecting the mortality statistics. Furthermore, mental hospitals are hidden away where they do not influence the thinking of the ordinary citizen. Not only that, but those citizens who have a relative in these hospitals do not talk about it. In fact the public as a whole does not like to hear about it. The public needs to be educated, but education means more than merely talking to the public. If the public is overly sensitive on this question, the education must be such as to de-sensitize it. If the public is worried about it, it needs all the reassurance that science can offer today to give it courage.

The American Legion and its Auxiliary provide a channel whereby this educational work can be carried on. They have Posts and Units in every community and in these Posts and Units are intelligent and thoughtful citizens who have already devoted themselves to important public issues. Here is an issue that is vital because it reflects the quality of citizen responsibility.—The strength and authority of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, coupled with the facilities of the Veterans Administration, could do much to break into this public indifference. The interest and support of The American Legion and its Auxiliary in collaboration with the National Committee for Mental Hygiene on a program of public education would be a token of the Legion's well established commitment to the physical, mental and general well-being of all these Citizens.

WYOMING LEGIONNAIRES TO SEE "LEGEND OF RAWHIDE"

When the Wyoming Legion Department Convention meets at Lusk on July 14 the Niobara Pageant Company will, in its honor and to mark the centennial of the 1849 incident on which the play is based, present its nationally known pageant, "The Legend of the Rawhide." This show, built from a many times told tale of the Lusk community, is completely local and non-professional, from author to players, and is rated as one of the best productions of the Rocky Mountain Area. Many Legionnaires appear in it as actors.

As it will be played in the twilight hours of July 14, the whole setting is under the shadow of the blue-black buttes whose name is derived from the tragedy in early Wyoming history that is portrayed in the pageant. The camp-

fires of the 49ers, the Indian attack, the burning wagons, the finale of savage cruelty, are produced with complete realism.

"COMMON GLORY" OPENING SPONSORED BY VA. LEGION

As a part of the Legion's Americanism program, the Department of Virginia will sponsor the opening performance of the third season of Paul Green's symphonic drama, "Common Glory," at the Matoaka Lake Amphitheatre, Williamsburg, on Friday, July 1.

This drama, hailed by critics the nation over as one of America's really great productions, is a dramatic saga, in song and story, of the founding of the nation and of our forefathers' struggle for independence and self-government.

It is planned to present a special Legion program, highlighting the or-

ganization by some of its most distinguished leaders, just before opening.

Gen. Kenney Gets Air Award

General George C. Kenney, WW2 Air Force Commander, received the Gen. William E. Mitchell Memorial Award at a dinner given by Aviators' Post No. 743—the sixth person to receive the award since it was established 11 years ago. It is given to that American citizen "making the outstanding individual contribution to aviation progress," and specifically to General Kenney for his development of the Air Force's Strategic Air Command.

In accepting the award General Kenney addressed 300 guests, paid warm tribute to his former commander, "Billy" Mitchell, and asserted that the national defense of this country is built on the air power doctrines advanced by General Mitchell.

COMRADES IN DISTRESS

Co. L., 1st Pioneer Div. (WW1)—Will anyone who served with Ozeeme Frank Roissant at Camp Wadsworth, S. C., in April and May, 1918, please write his wife. Needs statement to complete claim. Mrs. O. Roissant, 501 Lilac Court, West Palm Beach, Fla.

Co. D, 52nd Inf., 6th Div. (WW1)—Would like to hear from Rolly Ash who was with me in trench at time of my head injury, or anyone else who knows of incident. Lester Koon 241½ Harding Way East, Galion, Ohio.

Hdqrs. Co., 1st Tank Destroyer Group—Anyone remembering T/5 Claud V. Bridges, Jr., killed April 9, 1943, in vicinity of Sebeitla, Tunisia, please write Claud V. Bridges, Sr. Rt. 2, Clovis, New Mexico. Especially need present address of Major Thomas B. Heney and 1st Sgt. Edwin O. Kopperdahl.

USN, Co. A, 7th Regt., Camp Perry (Radio) Great Lakes Station—(1917)—Need to hear from McCoy, Carter, Messers, Stewart, Scott, Lee, Prescott, Logsdon, Dr. Cannon and others who remember my accident. Lafe B. Campbell, 227 Bronson St., Jacksonville, Fla.

AAF, Guam (1945)—Would like to hear from, or from anyone who knows the address of, Elmer Bishlof. Need his affidavit to complete service-connected claim. John N. Krenek, Cameron, Tex.

Army Doctors, Attention—Will the Army doctor who rendered first aid to Roland E. Miedel, USN, age 19, on RF&P train between Washington, D. C., and Richmond, Va., on morning of Feb. 17, 1946, please contact the ex-seaman's father, Elwood Miedel, 237 Duffield St., Willow Grove, Pa. This boy suffered broken back as result of accident on that train. Statement of Army doctor who gave him first aid is of vital importance.

J. W. Turner, USN—This veteran served with PHM 1/c Waino John Lampila, USN, and has detailed information on Lampila's illness from malaria while in service. Statement needed. Write Stewart J. Coats, County Service Officer, 909 Franklin St., Watkins Glen, N. Y.

Co. 355, Great Lakes Naval Station—Need statements to support claim. Will anyone who served with me at above station, May 7 to July 14, 1942, please write. John William Everett, 445 N. Franklin St., Danville, Ill.

Co. H, 27th Inf., 25th Div. — Sgt. Albert L. Patrick, Ivyton, Ky., wants to hear from men who served with him from Dec. 7, 1941, to Aug. 11, 1943. Needs statements.

USS Dale, 353—Want to hear from the three men who were taken from the ship with tuberculosis in January, 1945, or from anyone who knows their addresses. James E. Nelson, Fair Oaks Sanitarium, Wadena, Minn.

399th QM Service Co., 269th QM Bn., Camp Butler, N. C.—Urgently need to contact Captain Richards, Pvt. Calvin Ray, Pvt. Booker (last name unknown) and Sgt. Lane McClain, all of above outfit. Statements needed. Embray Robertson, Rt. 1, Overton, Texas.

USN Repair Base, San Diego—Will legal officers or others who know of the last will or property agreement of Ch. Pay Clerk William F. Bunton, above station, Disbursing and Supply Office, from January, 1944, to October, 1945, please get in touch with S. Bunton, P. O. Box 1132, New York 17, N. Y. Very important.

USS Vixen—Will anyone serving aboard this ship (Admiral King's flagship) during 1941 and 1942 please write. Need statements to establish claim. Hester I. Averette, 1109 Broad St., Phenix City, Ala.

505th Service Bn. (WW1)—James Mineveter, this Bn., sailed on the Voland from New York, Dec. 9, 1917; suffered frozen legs and feet during voyage. Needs statement of Dr. Gilmer, who treated him, and of his CO, Captain Ave Martin. Treated at Base Hosp., Brest, names of doctors and attendants not remembered. Anyone who remembers this veteran please write Mrs. Elsie S. Taylor, Executive Secretary, American Red Cross, Lewisburg, W. Va.

Co. I and Hdqrs. Co., 26th Inf., 1st Div.—Will company runners or others who served with me during battle actions in summer of 1918, please write. Need statements to establish service-connection. Cecil C. Walden, Domiciliary Barracks 13, Va. Center, Whipple, Arizona.

Co. A, 64th Inf., AEF—Corp. Arthur Elmore died in 1926; his widow needs proof of his ill health at Fort Bliss and of his refusal to go to hospital when he had the flu in France. Service comrades please write. Leora M. Elmore, R 2, Box 22, Gilroy, Calif.

USSC 22, USN—(WW1)—Will shipmates of my late husband, Thomas Bennett Wright, who served in engine room, please write. Urgently in need of statements to establish claim. Following names appear in collection of snapshots: Chief MM Tuthill, E. B. Young, R. Cornellison, L. Baumann, McLendon, H. Loeffler, Capt. "Plug" Hill, Pat Moran. Address Viola A. Wright, 191 Emerson Place, Valley Stream, N. Y.

Co. A, 399th Port Bn.—John W. McKenzie, 215 S. Rosary St., San Antonio, Tex., needs to contact at least two service comrades who can furnish statements concerning disabilities suffered by him on shipboard enroute and while overseas.

361st Ftr Group, 374th Ftr Sq.—Keith Preston, VA Hospital, Hot Springs, S. Dak., needs affidavits of his presence in train wreck in Europe, and physical condition afterward. Particularly wants statements of Capt. Egbert Yerby (same car in wreck) and Squadron Surg., Capt. Burton Marsh.

Boulder, Colo., Camp—Will anyone with me at Boulder from July 14 to Sept. 13, 1918, who remembers my fall from truck while in mountain maneuvers, please write. Statements urgently needed. G. C. Kauffman, RD 2, Melrose, New Mexico.

PMG 14, USN—Reid Redfern, 123 Kern St., Thomasville, Ga., (rating MOMM3C) was injured on shipboard about April 1, 1946, in Philippines; treated at Army Hospital, Laayon, San Fernando Valley. Records lost; needs statements of shipmates to prove injury. Write veteran, or J. H. Clarke, Commander, American Legion Post 31, South Broad St., Thomasville, Ga.

Liberty Ships Lot Whitcomb and George L. Curry, Army Transport Tjisadane—Urgently need statements from shipmates above named vessels, also USN Center, Treasure Island, to correct records. Served as SI/c, and was known as "Scotty." Particularly want statements from Lt. Penniger, GM3/c Martin and Joe Guedo of Whitcomb and Lt. Gordon of Curry. John W. (Scotty) Borrowman, 424½ N. Bonny Brae St., Los Angeles 26, Cal.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

1st Armored Division Assn.—Met at Louisville, Ky., last year; is holding 2nd annual reunion on July 1 and 2, Chicago, Ill. Convention headquarters, Congress Hotel. Write 1st Armored Division Assn., 1115 17th St., NW, Washington 6, D. C.

2nd Division Assn., (Indian Head)—National reunion at the Hotel New Yorker, New York City, July 7-9, 1949. Address inquiries to D. W. Carlton, Gen. Chairman, Hotel New Yorker, 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

Society of 3rd (Marine) Infantry Division—Annual reunion, Cleveland, Ohio, July 14-16. Headquarters at Hotel Hollenden. Write William M. Burud, National Secretary, P. O. Box 74, Benjamin Franklin Sta., Washington 4, D. C.

3rd (Marne) Inf. Div. (California only)—Annual banquet at Sacramento, June 25, 1949. Write James A. Clayton, Forum Bldg., Sacramento, Cal., for reservations.

5th (Red Diamond) Infantry Division—Annual reunion, both WWs, at Providence, R. I., September 3-5, 1949. Rhode Island Camp is host; headquarters at Sheraton-Biltmore Hotel. Write William Barton Bruce, Sr., Secretary, 48 Ayrault St., Providence 8, R. I.

6th (Red Star) Division—Annual reunion at St. Louis, Mo., July 28-30, 1949. Headquarters, Hotel Jefferson. Write W. D. Montgomery, 3216 Park Ave., St. Louis 4, Mo.

9th (Hitler's Nemesis) Infantry Division—Fourth annual reunion at the William Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., June 30, July 1, 2, 1949. For details contact Charles O. Tingley, Secretary-Treasurer, P. O. Box 1704, Washington 13, D. C.

26th (Yankee) Infantry Division (both WWs)—Annual reunion convention at Boston, Mass., June 23-26, 1949. Write H. Guy Watts, National Secretary, 200 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

30th (Old Hickory) Infantry Division—Convention at Charlotte, N. C., June 16-18, 1949. For information write John W. Craig, Charlotte, N. C.

32nd (Red Arrow) Infantry Division—Annual reunion at Grand Rapids, Mich., September 3-5, 1949. WW2 history of this Division will be published in August. Old Red Arrow men send subscriptions, and also write for details of reunion to Joe Hrdlick, National Secretary, 1806 N. 49th St., Milwaukee 8, Wis.

33rd (Yellow Cross) Division Assn., (both WWs)—Annual reunion at Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill., June 17-18, 1949. Write George D. Ratcliffe, Secretary, Room 508, Morrison Hotel, Chicago, for information and reservations.

35th (Santa Fe) Division Assn.—Reunion at Little Rock, Ark., June 10-12, 1949 (President Truman's outfit). Vets both WWs. For information write Charles H. Browne, Sr., Secretary, Box 29, Horton, Kans.

37th (Buckeye) Infantry Division—Annual reunion at Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 3-5, 1949. Headquarters, Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. For information write Headquarters, 37th Division Veterans Association, 1101 Wyandotte Bldg., Columbus 15, Ohio.

42nd (Rainbow) Division (both WWs)—31st annual reunion, Hotel Commodore, New York

City, July 12-14, 1949. Make reservations direct with hotel. For other information contact Thomas M. Halpin, Reunion Chairman, 86-34 138th St., Jamaica 2, L. I., N. Y., or R. Allen Gibbons, National Secretary, P. O. Box 342, Roanoke 3, Va.

75th Division Veterans Assn.—3rd annual reunion at Hotel Roosevelt, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 15-17, 1949. For details write Harry P. Wiseman, National President, 9724 Fuller Ave., Cleveland 4, Ohio.

80th (Blue Ridge) Division Assn.—Annual reunion at Richmond, Va., August 4-7, 1949. Headquarters, John Marshall Hotel. For details write Glenn E. Jordan, 2721 Fendall Ave., Richmond 22, Va.

83rd (Thunderbolt) Division—3rd annual reunion, at Hotel William Penn, Pittsburgh, Pa., August 5-6, 1949. For information write Secretary, Eastern States Chapter, 83rd Div. Assn., 120 Liberty Street, New York, N. Y.

88th (Blue Devil) Infantry Division Assn.—2nd annual reunion at Hotel Commodore, New York City, August 12-14, 1949. For full details write 88th Inf. Div. Assn., Box 328, Cooper Station, New York 3, N. Y.

90th (Texas-Oklahoma) Division, (both WWs)—Annual reunion at Tulsa, Okla., November 4-6, 1949. Big time planned. Write Joe T. Parkinson, Secretary, Akdar Bldg., 215 W. 4th Street, Tulsa 3, Okla.

91st (Wild West) Division Assn., (both WWs)—31st annual reunion at Chamber of Commerce, 215 Columbia St., Seattle, Wash., September 10, 1949. Entertainment, business meetings, banquet, etc. Write Archie Walker, Lock Box 2219, Seattle 11, Wash.

102nd (Ozarks) Infantry Division—Permanent Association formed; former Ozarkers are requested to contact J. H. Chaille, P. O. Box 683, General Postoffice, New York 1, N. Y., to complete rosters and arrange for next reunion.

WAC Reunion—National organization, dinner meeting at Catholic Women's Club, 820 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Saturday, August 6, 1949. \$3.00; reservations to be mailed with remittance to Mrs. Veryl Bladon, 7502 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill., not later than July 30.

Society of 17th U. S. Infantry—Annual national reunion at Hotel Lafayette, Marietta, Ohio, August 7-9, 1949. Write George W. Crawford, Secretary, 1917 Overlook St., Pittsburgh 14, Pa.

315th Inf. Reg. Assn., (WW2)—Annual reunion, Toledo, Ohio, July 1-3, 1949, with headquarters at Commodore Perry Hotel. For information write Edward P. Scullin, 943 Dyre St., Philadelphia 24, Pa., or T. G. Shuffelbarger, Secretary, Richlands, Va.

WAVES—National reunion, 7th anniversary of group, at Hotel Statler, Boston, Mass., July 30. All hands invited. Write WAVES Reunion Committee, Box 302, Back Bay P. O., Boston 17, Mass.

1st Ord. Training Regiment Assn.—3rd annual reunion, all cadre and officers, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md., June 25, 1949, at the old farmhouse headquarters. Contact Addis L. Bowles, 527 Harrison Ave., W. Collingwood, N. J.

136th Infantry, 34th Div., WW1—Reunion at Mankato, Minn., June 5, 1949. Write George Schaffenberg, Chairman, Mankato, Minn.

127th Inf. Regt., 32nd (Red Arrow) Div.—Reunion at Rhinelander, Wis., June 24-26, 1949. Details from Clarence J. Wesley, 219 S. Oneida Ave., Rhinelander, Wis.

Co. E, 29th Inf., 65th Div.—Reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., June 26. Contact John B. Law, Jr., Box 25, Fort Kennedy, Pa.

Co. B., 142nd Inf., 36th Div., WW1—Reunion, Chandler, Okla., June 18-19, 1949. Write W. S. Brown, Secretary, Box 7, Chandler, Okla.

376th Heavy Bombardment Group Vet. Assn.—3rd annual reunion, Seneca Hotel, Rochester, N. Y., July 29-31, 1949. For information write Wiley Golden, 371 Probosco Ave., Cincinnati 20, Ohio, or Jack Preble, American Legion Hdqrs., 145 N. High St., Columbus, Ohio.

325th Fighter Group, (Checkertail Clan)—4th annual reunion, entire group, at Hotel Antlers, Indianapolis, Ind., July 29-31. Committee needs addresses of Checkertails not now receiving clan bulletin. Write Larry S. Combs, Manager, Hotel Antlers, Indianapolis, Ind.

F Association (Navy, Coast Guard and Marine Corps Firefighters)—Annual reunion, Fort Hayes Hotel, Columbus, Ohio, July 21-23, 1949. Write William J. Mignery, Secretary-Treasurer, 5027 W. Berneau Ave., Chicago, Ill.

143rd AAA Gun Bn.—2nd annual at Dover, Ohio, July 23 and 24, 1949. For info and reservations contact Gene Burtcher, 1120 N. Wooster Ave., Dover, or Cletus Keplinger, Strasburg, Ohio.

Co. B, 540th Amphibious Engineers—Reunion July 4 at Shore Acres, Dixon, Ill. John Joe Thomas, Dixon, Ill., will furnish information.

371st Aero Sq., AEF, (WW1)—Reunion at San Francisco, Cal., July 9-10, 1949. For info and hotel reservations contact T. W. Bryan, 144 Reamer St., Auburn, Cal.

38th Field Hospital Assn.—1st reunion, New York City, July 16. Write Steve Mazzola, 114 Oak St., Port Chester, N. Y., for information.

749th Ry. Opn. Bn.—Reunion at Chicago, Ill., August 25 and 26, 1949. Get information from Donald L. Gothard, Secretary, Bladen, Ohio.

136th Station Hospital, Sudbury, Suffolk, England—Reunion, Hotel Kenmore, Boston, Mass., August 6, 1949. Information and reservations from Bill MacDonald, 9318 Glenwood Road, Brooklyn 12, N. Y.

LEGION'S REHAB SERVICE SHOWS AMAZING COVERAGE

A National Field Representative in a recent service report to Director Jack Oakey gave an analysis of the organization affiliation of veterans to whom he had given some assistance over a two months' period. His report shows:

In a VA Hospital, making daily contact with bed patients, this Field Representative found that of 541 patients visited, 163, or just slightly more than 25 percent, were members of the Legion; 60 were members of the V.F.W.; 11 belonged to the D.A.V.; 11 were Spanish-American War vets, and 295 of the veterans serviced belonged to no vet organization. Of the number, 38 were members of both the Legion and V.F.W.

This, thinks C. M. Wilson, Director of Membership and Post Activities, tends to prove something—that probably 60 to 75 percent of the Legion's rehabilitation service is given to non-members, and further that it bears out his oft repeated statement: "There are hundreds of thousands of veterans still waiting to be asked to join the Legion."

QUESTIONNAIRES SENT OUT FOR WHO'S WHO IN LEGION

Work on the projected "Who's Who in The American Legion" has definitely gotten under way with the mailing of questionnaires to approximately 24,000 Legionnaires who are eligible for inclusion. The work is under the direction of Harry Kehm, Past Department Commander of South Dakota, but who is now located in Chicago. Though carried on as a private venture, the publication has the approval of the Legion's National Executive Committee.

Eligible for inclusion in the comprehensive volume are all living National and Past National officers of the Legion and Forty and Eight, past and present Department officials; members of National standing committees, living past members; chairmen of Department committees and living past chairmen; District Commanders only, and living men who have served as District Commanders. Surviving members of the Paris and St. Louis Caucuses will, of course be admitted.

Every effort is being made to have the volume ready for delivery in the early fall, and thus prompt return of the questionnaires is urged by Editor Kehm. Eligible Legionnaires and Forty and Eighters who have not received questionnaires may obtain the proper form by writing Distinguished American Publications, 777 North Meridian, Indianapolis 6, Ind.

THREE NOTED LEADERS OF LEGION TAKEN BY DEATH

Dr. Carleton B. McCulloch, of Indianapolis, for many years Treasurer of The American Legion Endowment Fund Corporation, died at a hospital in In-

dianapolis on April 5. Dr. McCulloch had been active in Legion affairs since the close of WW1, and was a leader in politics and civic affairs in his home State. He was twice a nominee for Governor of Indiana, and was famed as the intimate friend and personal physician of James Whitcomb Riley, the great Hoosier poet.

Alcee S. Legendre passed away at his home at New Orleans, Louisiana, on April 3rd, after a long illness. Legionnaire Legendre had served his Post and Department as Commander; as National Vice Commander in 1940-41, and on many important National and Departmental Committees.

Karl W. Kitchen, Executive Vice President of the 1936 National Convention Corporation at Cleveland, died on April 10 at his home in Cleveland Heights, Ohio. Legionnaire Kitchen, long active in his Post and Department affairs, rendered distinguished service to the National Organization as a member of National Committees from 1936 until just before his death, notably on the War Transportation Committee from 1942 until 1946.

Delaware Legion Honors Joe Brown

When Joe E. Brown appeared at Wilmington, Delaware, in his long-time hit, "Harvey," the veteran screen and stage actor was presented The American Legion Honor Award. Presentation was made on the stage following the final scene of the play by Department Commander Charles Burrous and Department Adjutant Julian Todd.

Commander Burrous, in awarding the framed certificate, announced that it was bestowed in token of the actor's wartime service as an entertainer among GIs in the combat zones throughout the world. He added that Mr. Brown was the first non-Legionnaire to receive the citation from the Department of Delaware.

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA MARCH 31, 1949

ASSETS

Cash on hand and on deposit..	\$1,079,893.20
Receivable	233,383.62
Inventories	520,781.94
Invested Funds	959,265.96
Permanent Investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	255,440.11
Employees' Retirement Trust Fund	1,038,428.09
Real Estate, less depreciation..	560,128.67
Furniture, Fixtures & Equipment, less depreciation	287,741.10
Deferred Charges	106,855.17
	<u>\$5,041,947.86</u>

LIABILITIES, DEFERRED REVENUE AND NET WORTH

Current Liabilities	\$ 263,164.44
Funds Restricted as to use...	192,645.72
Deferred Revenue	1,458,942.25
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.. \$ 255,440.11	
Employees' Retirement Trust Fund.. 1,038,428.09	1,293,868.20
Net Worth:	
Restricted	
Capital	750,128.90
Unrestricted	
Capital	1,083,198.35
	<u>1,833,327.25</u>
	<u>\$5,041,947.86</u>

LEGION GROUP DEDICATES FOUR NEW HOSPITAL BEDS

Four new hospital beds, provided by the Legion and affiliates, were dedicated in the Jewish National Hospital at Denver, Colorado, in mid-April. One bed is in memory of Past National Vice Commander Morton David, of Denver, long a Legion leader in the Rocky Mountain area; another honors the memory of Mrs. Dorothy Harper, WW1 Yeoman (F), who had served in high national posts in the Legion, the Auxiliary and the 8 and Forty; another bed was provided by the 8 and 40 of New York and the fourth was installed by the four Legion organizations of South Dakota.

The 8 and 40, play and honor affiliate of the American Legion Auxiliary, has endowed a total of 24 beds in the National Jewish Hospital. The institution is national in its scope of service. It admits and cares for tuberculosis patients without regard to race, color or creed under the slogan: "None who can pay may enter; none who enter may pay."

LEGION HOLDS SERIES OF ECONOMIC CONFERENCES

Washington—Three of the six regional Economic Conferences planned by the National Economic Commission have been held with satisfactory results.

First of the regional conferences was held in New Orleans, La., March 21-23; the second in Washington, April 11-13, and the third in Salt Lake City, Utah, May 16-19.

With the attendance at the conferences totaling well over 100 registered delegates at each one, interest was maintained by the attendance of high ranking specialists from both private life and Government agencies, who served as panel leaders.

Subjects that were discussed with problems in each field fully explored included agriculture and conservation, housing, small business, veterans preference and employment. Each conference was concluded with a forum composed of Veteran Employment representatives conducted by Perry Faulkner, Washington, D. C., chief of the Veterans Employment Service.

Among leaders in Government agencies concerned with matters under consideration who have appeared at one or more of the conferences are Raymond B. Foley, Administrator, Housing and Home Finance Agency; Dillard Lassetter, Administrator, Farmers Home Administration; Tighe Woods, Housing Expediter; T. B. King, Chief, Loan Guaranty, Veterans Administration; Ewan Clague, Commissioner, Bureau of Labor Statistics Department; Perry Faulkner, Chief, Veterans Employment Service; Charles F. Hight, Chief, Small Business Division, Department of Commerce; Lysle S. Watts, Chief, Forestry Service, and Charles R. Anderson, Chief, Veterans Service Section, U. S. Civil Service Commission.

HOW TRUCK DRIVERS SURVIVE

(Continued from page 25)

46 years old, is conscious every moment of the 24,000 pound load rolling smoothly along behind us with its 20 or more body-lights and reflectors supplementing our headlights. "Watching like a wild animal" whose life is often dependent on being able to detect his enemies before they detect him, almost exactly describes his attitude. Eddie, like Grayson Thomas and every one of the expert long-haul drivers I've known or ridden with, is far more alert, far more conscious of possible accident, than any one of the faster passenger car drivers I've ever met.

As we crawl to the top of a hill, body-lights on a big trailer ahead of us wink suddenly: warning! Beyond the crest of the grade a south-bound giant is blocking the road. But even without the warning we could have stopped instantly at the top of that grade. Eddie has moved his foot over from the accelerator to the brake-pedal, "just in case," every time he has topped a rise. "You never know what you may suddenly find on a part of the road you can't see," is the way truckers put it. Fundamental—but who *always* thinks that way?

As soon as the road is cleared we roll along again. Presently, at the foot of a grade we cross a bridge. A big local truck is coming downhill toward us fast, hurrying to get up speed for the hill. He can't stop, or even slow down, without danger of skidding. It's one of the many times, in today's traffic, that your accident record, your life even, is in the other fellow's hands. In this case the approaching load passes us on the narrow bridge, rolling fast for the hill, with only inches to spare.

"I just got as close to the rail as I could," Eddie says, "and hoped."

If you happen to know that even one of the big long-distance hauling concerns paid out half a million dollars last year, in spite of their drivers' skill, in minor accident claims (mostly for "marginal accidents," where there weren't *quite* enough inches to spare) you may guess closer to the way Eddie felt.

A dozen miles farther along the "watching like a wild animal" suddenly pays a dividend. We slow down sharply and stop. On the snowy slope ahead a passenger car is twisting crazily, out of control. It turns completely around, still sliding downhill, and bounces into the ditch just ahead of us barely missing a telephone pole. Nobody hurt. We tell them we'll have a wrecker sent back from Farmersburg, the next town. If we hadn't stopped when and where we did the story might have been a very different one. Eddie cheated us out of a really dramatic story because he was always ready to use his brakes and use them properly.

Use of brakes on a big rig is an art. When I came back to my own car after a truck run with a good driver—Dan Hook, second in Maryland state-rodeo competition—I was amazed at the way I left the back of my seat when I stopped for traffic lights. Not once, in a seven hour ride through afternoon and evening traffic from New York to Baltimore, had Dan stopped as suddenly, or as unevenly, as I

do habitually—and I've been driving for 30 years.

"You gotta drive a long way ahead of yourself," Dan told me; "cowboy brakes eat money."

I thought of the number of times on that single run I had felt the truck gradually losing speed, and looked ahead to see why. Far beyond my ordinary driving range there might be a traffic light, or a car approaching the highway on a cross-road. Once, just beyond Newark, it had been because boys were attempting to steal a ride on the back of a slow-moving truck a long way ahead of us. Dan Hook didn't want to be close to anything like that, where a slip might mean a boy falling on the highway.

"We have to remember how much difference there is in cost if you use your brakes too much," Dan said. "Especially in tires. I get twice as many miles out of tires as some of the young drivers the company has taken on. It takes time to get over the idea the road is a sort of race-track."

I asked him if he knew of one thorough study that showed a variation in tire life of from 18,000 to more than 60,000 miles, at speeds from sixty down to twenty-five miles an hour. "No," he said, "but you can get the same difference by using your brakes too hard."

He was equally chary with the horn. Most big rigs are equipped with an air horn that can blast you right out of the road, as well as an ordinary automobile horn. We used the air horn only twice in nearly 200 miles, each time for another truck.

"You gotta be careful how you use a horn," Dan said; "the driver you honk at may be scared out of his wits. One place, where there was an inter-urban trolley track alongside the road, two ladies heard

the air horn of another truck and pulled away from the track into a head-on collision, left side of the road. Thought they heard a railway whistle, apparently. Bad stack-up; they were both killed."

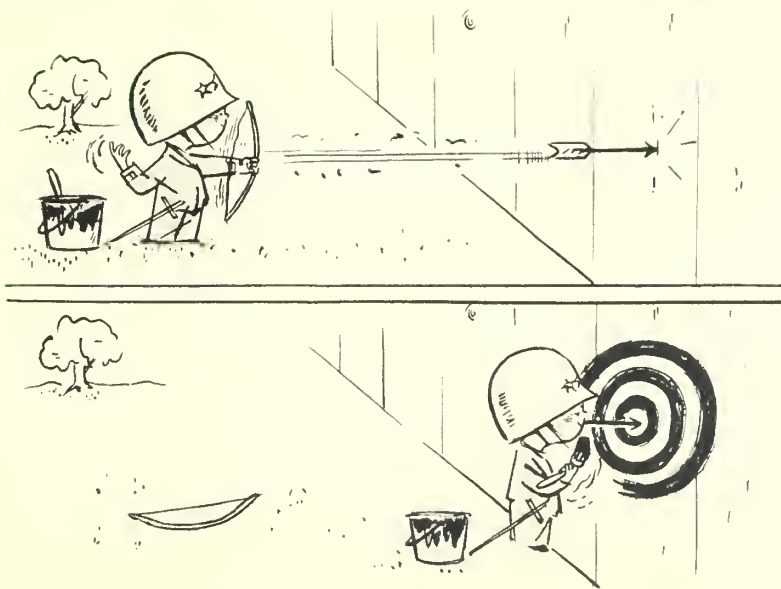
A "stack-up," in the language that transport drivers have developed, is a traffic smash-up, just as a diesel truck is a "hay burner." There are many such pleasantly confusing terms. With two trailers, you "tow a kite"; returning empty, you are "loaded with air" or "hauling post holes"; when you roll in neutral, you "pin her ears back"; hard riding trucks are "kidney busters"; noisy trucks are "cement mixers," and squealing brakes are "cop callers"; you're "cold" if you're behind time on your "Bible," or schedule of deliveries; on a cab without a trailer you're "bareback"; at top speed you're "wound up tight." A long hill is a "drag"; to "beach her" is to coast to a parking place; a driver who clashes his gears is a "cog stripper."

The main job of transport drivers is to get there *without an accident*. Loading, unloading and repairs are done by others. The driver, though he may be merely a juice-jockey to some, draws his three to five thousand (and sometimes a good deal more) a year, and can keep his shoes shined, just so long as he's considered safe and efficient. His employers never let up in teaching him safety, they continually judge his driving, and presently he loses his job if he doesn't measure up.

Coastal Tank Lines, of Pennsylvania, are the current safety champions, holders of the American Trucking Association Safety Trophy for more than sixteen million miles of safe driving in 1948. Their drivers get a two percent bonus for a no-accident record each six months, and another two percent at the end of each year. Safety meetings are held at their terminals

GENERAL MISCHIEF

By S. B. STEVENS



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at least twice a year. They drill and teach safety and make it interesting by stunts like safety quiz programs with jackpot questions.

Another company holds monthly safety meetings for drivers' wives, and orders any reckless or discourteous driver to attend with his wife.

Drivers are expected to know that economy, safety and smoothness of operation go together; you've got to be in the best gear, with the best axle-ratio for proper engine speed at all times, and clashing gears are a sign of incompetence. Each driver is supposed to know a lot of other things that few of us have even heard about; that his side vision, for example, decreases as his speed picks up. At fifty miles an hour his range of vision is fifteen percent narrower than at forty-five, at sixty it is narrowed to hardly more than the width of the road; at more than sixty it is almost impossible to see objects at the side of the road within seventy-five feet of the car without shifting the eyes from the highway ahead. He is tested for strength of grip on the steering wheel, and for steadiness, and for depth-perception, to see how good he is at judging the distance between speeding cars, coming and going. His eyes are tested for night-vision, and "glare recovery," and to see whether they "pull" to the right or left. A driver whose eyes pull to the left has a tendency to work closer and closer to the center of the road, until he is in danger of side-swiping any similar driver coming toward him. Ever ridden with one?

Road conditions seem far more important to long-haul drivers than they do to most of us. They realize what a big part traction, the grip of tires upon the pavement at different speeds, plays in safety. "How's the road?" is a customary greeting when long-haul men meet. They come to have uncanny knowledge of different surfaces.

"Ice always comes in certain places first," I was told by Norman Moyer, who

has driven big tank trucks for Coastal Tank Lines more than 900,000 miles without an accident. "Look out for low places, like the bottom of hills. And especially on bridges. Maybe the cold air going under 'em does it. I'm always extra careful near bridges, in winter."

"See that mud dragged onto the concrete by cars coming off a dirt road?" another driver asked me. "Slick as grease. It can turn a truck over—like that."

There's always the danger that a box will skid. "When it begins to rain, look out for grease. See those black marks in the middle of the lanes? You see 'em everywhere in fair weather. They don't show up when the road is wet, but if you're on one of 'em when you brake you're liable to lose a wheel." That doesn't mean a wheel will break off, it means the vehicle may skid out of control.

Transport drivers like to stay on the same route until they know every turn and pot-hole on it. It never gets monotonous. "Driving anything on high-speed highways isn't just sight-seeing," they say.

The greatest road dangers of all, of course, are the other drivers, particularly those in pleasure cars. "Look at 'em!" one big rig hauler said to me in rush hour traffic; "they go around us like flies!"

Because no State in the Union yet has a driver license law with teeth in it, there are literally millions of inept, unskillful, and inexperienced drivers on the highways, all of whom, incidentally, consider themselves expert. Mrs. Marjorie White, head of the Indiana Film Transit Company, of Indianapolis, who was awarded a "Safest Truck Operator" trophy some time ago, put it this way:

"The roads are full of fools; my boys must be quick enough and smart enough to keep out of their way."

"You gotta know what they're going to do before they know it themselves," is the way Dan Hook expressed it, on our drive to Baltimore on U. S. Route 1.

A pleasure car in front of us swung left

before turning right, and Dan called my attention to it. "He swung left from the right lane," he explained. "So he's wrong already; you slow down and see what he's going to do wrong next. Turning from the wrong lane makes more stack-ups than almost anything else."

From watching many drivers—from being, in fact, intently conscious of exactly what one motorist after another is doing with his car on the highway—experienced transport men come to have almost uncanny powers of recognizing dangerous drivers at a glance. It is like a police detective's ability to spot a criminal in a crowd because he has the "wrong look," and I'm told that when such a suspect is taken in on mere suspicion, the experienced detective is rarely wrong. Similarly a long-haul driver is sometimes able to spot a dangerous motorist, or an accident in the making, when the advance indications are so slight that they cannot be described.

As transport drivers see it, nearly all accidents start several seconds before the actual crash occurs, they know they're going to happen as soon as they see the wrong move being made. "Then, if it doesn't happen," Dan explains, "they're just lucky. Other people are always saving some drivers' lives and they don't even know it."

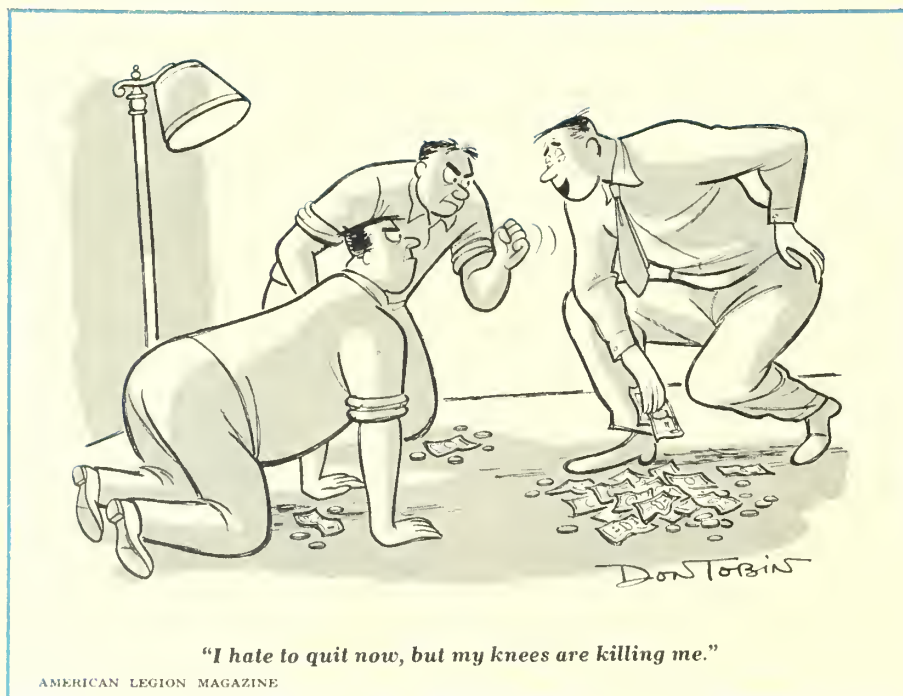
Grayson Thomas told me of seeing a sedan pass him, near the Virginia-Carolina line, going too fast on an icy road. "Be seeing you later, boys," he told himself, uncomfortably. His knowledge of road conditions was so much better than that of the pleasure car driver that he knew an accident—at such speed—was almost inevitable. Sure enough, he was right; a few miles further on he came up to their sedan, on its side in the ditch. Miraculously, the four men in it had escaped serious injury. He gave them the standard assistance: "I'll send a wrecker back."

All big rig drivers hate to stop on the road, without a good place to turn out. Their huge outfit at once becomes in itself a tremendous hazard to other motorists, even with flares set out immediately. Pleasure drivers who "assume the road is clear" and drive accordingly may pile into them.

"We see so many drivers doing the wrong thing, we're not much surprised at it," Norman Moyer told me. "But we don't let it get us down. You can't start fighting traffic without getting in trouble yourself. If you once let these birds get your goat, you can't be courteous and you won't be safe."

He told me of particularly exasperating and dangerous habits he sees over and over again, of the driver who blindly follows the "interference" of another car that is already passing his truck on a hill or too near a curve; of those who step on the gas to compete for a single lane pass-way; of others who "weave" in thick traffic.

"An extra bad thing for us," he said, "is when they crowd in between us and the curb, on a stop light. They do it even when we have our direction light on, to show we're going to turn. We can't keep close to the curb for a right turn, or the box won't clear. Then, when the traffic



"I hate to quit now, but my knees are killing me."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

light goes green and we start around the corner, we crunch in the front end of some car we haven't even seen. It makes a lot of arguments with the insurance companies."

Among themselves transport drivers have a whole courtesy code with light signals quite outside the private motorist's ken. One blink of the headlights as two of the big rigs approach each other means "Road is clear, you can proceed safely." Two blinks: "Careful." Three: "Stop! Emergency." Four: "Reduce speed and proceed with extreme caution; wash-out, accident, or road block of some kind." Coming from behind, one blink means: "I want to pass." Trucker ahead blinks body-lights for no, or may dip headlights for yes. He's telling the other fellow if conditions ahead are safe for passing. After one big rig has passed another, the driver doesn't head back to the right lane until the other blinks his headlights to give permission. This, among road drivers, is an invariable courtesy, and of course increases safety by reducing the possibility of any dangerous cutting-in.

On a trip with Moyer an approaching giant blinked his fog lights at us peculiarly.

"Boy friend down the road," Moyer told me, meaning a state trooper. "He won't bother us." A red light on his tachometer, which is a sort of combination clock and recording speedometer, flashes on when he reaches forty.

Because pleasure car owners are more than half afraid of the big rigs, because trucks often have to crawl up hills and hold other traffic back, and because many drivers on local trucks are no better than anybody else, many motorists dislike truckers intensely, lumping them all together in a single class. This the long haul men resent.

"Why should ordinary drivers hate us, or look down on us, or be afraid of us?" they ask. "Aren't we the best friends they have?"

Frequently they are. The vast majority of them work hard at it.

"Pleasure car drivers outnumber us plenty," their employers tell them, "and politically they can make it tough for us

if we get 'em mad. If we know which side of our bread wears the butter, we'll lean over backward to be safe, and courteous, and accommodating."

Every long haul driver, to be sure, may not measure up to those specifications. I tailed one wild gypsy rocking a big box of mushrooms through New Jersey at seventy odd miles an hour, which is too much for any big rig at night on a public highway. But enough of them are safe and helpful to give a mighty good impression.

When Moyer hauled me with some thirteen tons of fuel oil up to the Bethlehem Steel Company at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, he made surprisingly good time, in spite of giving everybody else the right of way, and never going over forty miles an hour.

Certainly the particular long-distance truckers I met in weeks of reporting measure up to standards in driving courtesy as well as in driving knowledge, observation, and skill, far above that of most other drivers on the road. They survive that way.

THE END

YOU CAN STILL MAKE A MILLION

(Continued from page 19)

the country's most successful publishers and a former long-time Senator from Kansas.

"Well, of course, you have to make more money today than you did to hang on to a million dollars," Capper said. "But money is a lot easier to make than it ever was. When I started out setting type, I got \$10 a week and that wasn't considered bad at all in those days. In fact, I was the envy of one and all for miles around. Today many a youngster turns up his nose at a mere \$45 or \$50 job. Opportunities toward earning a fortune are as favorable today as they ever were. The country was never in a better condition from a business standpoint than it is today.

"I believe the field I would recommend most highly for someone who set out to become a millionaire today would be that of newspaper publishing," the white-haired legislator continued. "You could start a newspaper on a shoestring, although you might only come out once or twice a week at first. But, once it gained the people's confidence, it could grow rapidly. And there's always room for one more good of anything, including a newspaper."

Hal Zimmerman, who heads the American Merchandising Company, Montgomery, Ala., not only believes that a man can start from scratch and make a million—he's proving it can be done. While Zimmerman was a buck private in the Air Corps he started selling inexpensive watches by mail during his off duty time. Business grew to such a point that soon after his discharge from service he was doing more than a million dollars a year, and today his company is described as the fastest growing mail order house in the country.

Zimmerman believes only in selling articles that are in mass demand.

"It has to be something the public needs, it must have appeal, and it must be priced so that the average person can

afford it. These are the main factors, and if your product meets these requirements it can be sold by mail.

"I'm speaking from experience, since in the past five years I've sold millions of items by mail. As proof that you don't have to have a lot of money to start, I began my business with a little money I saved as a buck private—and you know that was no fortune. But out of that money I invested \$16.80 for advertising. That's important to keep in mind.

"If you want to succeed in mail order selling, aggressive advertising must be coupled with good merchandising. The mail order buyer isn't any yokel or a guy who will swallow anything. The product and price must be more than attractive.

The item must always be one of universal appeal. It's important to keep in mind that the customer who wants to buy a hundred-dollar item won't do so by mail. He wants to see, feel, and try to appraise it, if it costs a lot of money. Best mail order sellers are in the \$1.00 to \$10.00 price range. Finally, the merchandise must be aggressively sold and advertised, and in mail order selling that calls for a lot of promotion."

Winthrop Rockefeller was the only one of his five brothers to follow the line in which his famed granddad, John D., founded his classic fortune, but, as far as Winthrop is concerned there still is no business like oil business in which to start from scratch and get ahead. "I know nothing else that offers as many opportunities for anybody with the get-up-and-go," said Winthrop Rockefeller.

He observed that, to be sure, plastics and electronics are undoubtedly fields in which great things are happening, but he says that it is his impression that a few large companies seem to dominate the plastic business, while it probably takes a lot of capital to get started in electronics. "But in the oil business," he said, "there are 34,000 companies and always room for one more—and you can still get started on a shoestring."

"Of course, you have to learn the know-how and work hard and be willing to take the risk of branching out on your own," young Mr. Rockefeller said. "You can't very well create a great independent fortune working for someone else.

"Great fortunes still can be made and are being made. I know one fellow, a working geologist for ten years, who started out on his own and is now making an \$18,000 daily income out of oil. I know at least 20 or 30 other cases of men starting out from scratch in our time and creating great fortunes in oil."

Someone else who is sold on oil as the way to become a millionaire is Secretary



"Your father could bring down the white-tailed deer with a single arrow; but you can't hit a fly in three swipes."

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of Interior Krug. Mr. Krug, who cut his teeth with public utilities before becoming overseer of the nation's resources, like oil, is enthusiastic over oil not only because of its future but also because of its "favorable" tax set-up, which permits a 27½ percent deduction from returns for depletion.

Mr. Krug has a strong second choice for the millionaire road. It's to become a consulting engineer, working not on a salary but for a share of the company's equity. Thus, if the company prospered as the result of a person's sagacity and foresight, so would he. "And when it comes to matters

that would permit good ground-floor investments or with the idea of eventually branching out into a concern of my own. In either case, the way to make the company grow is to be constantly on the alert for ways of branching out.

"I know of one concern, for instance, that started making cork," said Dr. Nourse. "Next it began making the caps that held the cork for the bottles. By continual twisting and turning, going naturally from one thing to another, it now manufactures everything from adhesive and textile materials to covers for refrigerators. The thing to remember is

into the millionaire class, although they don't exactly see eye-to-eye on the subject.

Said Billy Rose, generally regarded as a pretty shrewd article on Manhattan's main stem: "The thing to do is get on the production end of television. Produce shows, then sell them to sponsors. Television has the same future the movies had 30 years ago. Television may not hurt the live theater but what it will do to the movies is something else. I won't say that it actually will supplant them but, if it doesn't, it is going to put an awful crimp in the cinema field."

What Eric Johnston had to say was this: "The next five years in television are going to be tough. It can be compared to the days when the movies changed from silent fare to the talkies. And it's liable to be tough on other forms of entertainment while they adjust themselves to television. But, in the end, rather than being a detriment to the movies, it's going to be a stimulant. If the three major networks each use only four hours a day of films on their television shows, it will mean that the movies will have to make two or three times as many films as they are now producing."

The best way to make a million dollars, according to C. G. Gilbert, secretary of the Tennessee Manufacturing Assn., is to take a raw material that isn't worth anything and turn it into something serviceable and worthwhile.

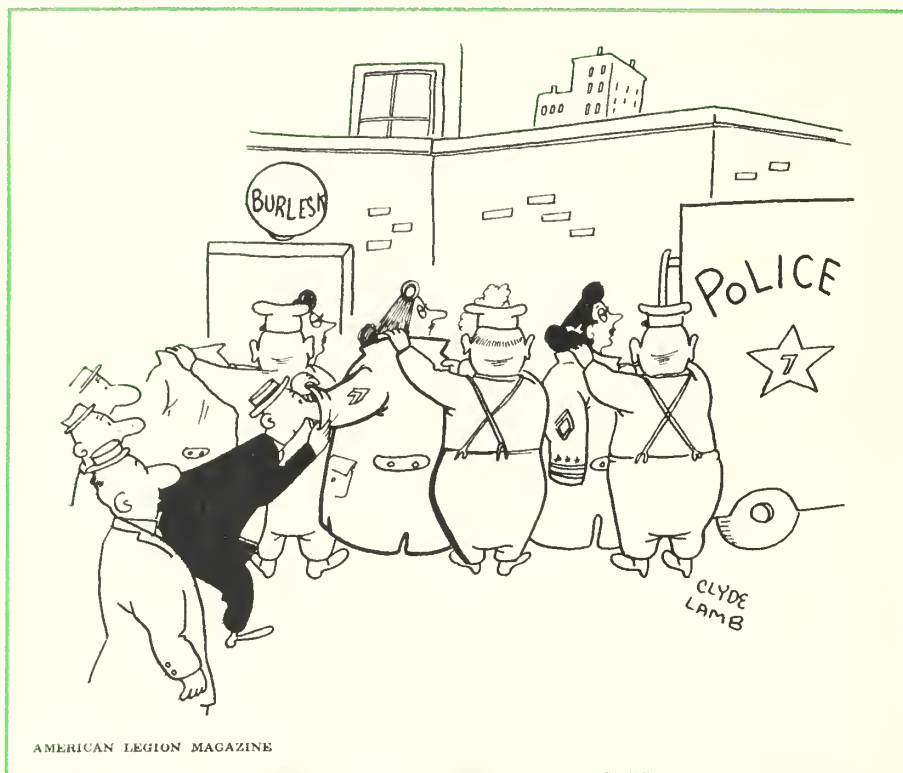
"Take a tree," Mr. Gilbert elaborated. "At least a million different products can be made out of it. Why, they're making scores of things just out of the sawdust, everything from veneer to insulation material. And guess what they're fixing to make out of sawdust now? Bathtubs—yes sir, they're going to make sawdust bathtubs."

Walter Geist, president of Allis-Chalmers, Milwaukee, said: "I know a man who was flat on his back seven years ago who is way up in the chips today, so I know it is possible for a man to become a millionaire. In fact, I am most optimistic about business. My advice, though, if you want to make a fortune, is to get into one of the basic industries. In view of the huge military expenditures, that's where the money is apt to be. There's one thing a person set on becoming a millionaire has to watch, though: Taxes. He has to take advantage of every possible angle."

G. A. Shallberg, executive vice president of Borg-Warner, Chicago, took this view: "The way to make a great fortune is to keep your eyes open, then get next to some new invention in which you have faith. Then stick by it through thick and thin."

L. M. Smoyer, president of Brey & Krause, Allentown, Pa., not only feels that there's absolutely no reason why a man who wants to become a millionaire shouldn't do so, but he knows just how it can be done. It's becoming an industrial engineer and branching out for yourself as soon as possible.

"I'm a half-millionaire myself," Mr. Smoyer said. "I could become a full millionaire if I wanted to, all right. I know several articles that I could set out and manufacture that would make me a half-



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pertaining to engineering, the opportunities are limitless," Mr. Krug said.

Others who lean to oil as the best way to carve out a million are E. R. Godfrey, General Motors vice president, and George Shellenberger, executive vice president of Merchants and Manufacturers Assn. of Los Angeles.

Mr. Godfrey had this advice to add: "Get on your own as soon as you can."

And Mr. Shellenberger had this to say: "While there's no doubt in my mind that oil holds out the best bet for future millionaires, you can, of course, accomplish this objective in other fields too. Why, I know one man in Imperial County, California, who became a millionaire in the last few years raising cattle and selling farm land."

However, the man who tells the President and Congress the economic facts of life, Dr. Edwin G. Nourse, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, wouldn't choose oil but creative chemistry if he were starting out today to become a millionaire.

"I'd get a good background knowledge in chemical engineering," Dr. Nourse said, "then I'd become connected with an up-and-coming electro-chemical concern, with the idea of getting to the top in a job

that this kind of progress doesn't come in a straight line but by zig-zagging, and what holds it together and makes it worth while is that it is all integrated at the top."

Earl O. Shreve, president of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce and former General Electric vice president, thinks that a man can make a million dollars today all right if he wants to concentrate on money making, and that electronics, plastics and chemistry offer the best bets for hacking out a fortune. "The surface of these fields has barely been scratched," Mr. Shreve said, "and they offer great new frontiers of enterprise."

"But the end that will pay off the most in dollars and cents is not the scientific but the executive," Mr. Shreve went on. "Scientists today usually work on a straight salary. It might not seem fair that the scientist shouldn't share more spectacularly in some inventive success, but for one such item he is liable to have had 99 fizzles. Anyway, it is the executive who can follow through on a new idea and offer a new contribution to economic life who is apt to benefit most financially."

Both Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America and Billy Rose, the Broadway impresario, go for television as a likely way to break

million more. One, a float valve for a toilet, might do it by itself. But it takes a certain amount of punishment to make that much money. I'd rather be just a half-millionaire and take it easy. Let somebody else fool around with a toilet float valve."

Robert R. Nathan, the well-known former government economist, author of the book, "Mobilization For Abundance," and now a Washington consultant economist, holds the view that the most wide-open field in industry today is in labor-management relations.

"There's a fortune awaiting the man who can work out peaceful labor-management formulas," Mr. Nathan said. "Companies would be willing to pay fabulous salaries for men who could stop the costly strife. Even labor unions probably would be willing to dig into the kitty and reward such an individual. There won't be any easy general nationwide formula that will work. It will be a company-by-company proposition. But it can be done—and lucratively. There's no question that in labor-management relations we're way the hell behind."

The best way to get into this field? "Go to work in a union as an organizer and researcher, then go with management in the personnel end."

Eugene Meyer, publisher of the highly-successful *Washington Post* and first president of the United Nations International Bank For Research And Development, thinks that the first thing a millionaire-bound person has to do is figure out himself.

"You can become a millionaire, if you wish, but it requires tremendous work, zeal and devotion," he said. "You couldn't do it unless your heart and soul was in the work, so the thing you'd have to decide first is where your truest interests lie.

"Show business can offer a spectacular way for making money," Mr. Meyer went on. "One day a performer is down and out, then he gets in a show that's a hit and he is up to his neck in fabulous contracts. But, before the break, he has to go through the ordeal of coffee-and-doughnut meals, one-night stands, disappointments and heartaches. No one could possibly undergo and survive such an ordeal unless his whole soul was in it. And that's the way it is with everything."

Paul A. Porter, former head of the OPA, former chairman of the FCC and chief of the American Economic Mission to Greece back in 1946, says the way to make a million today is to get behind something new and push it—and he has a tip.

"There's no doubt that if a man spon-

sored a preparation that would grow hair he would become fantastically rich," observed Mr. Porter, now a practicing attorney. "In fact, he would do right well financially if he only brought forth a little fuzz."

How do you get next to new ideas? "Well, you keep your eyes and ears open," explained Mr. Porter. "You read newspapers, scientific publications. When you run across something that strikes your fancy, then the thing to do is make inquiries and see if you somehow can't get in on it. Recently I got in a cab and the driver remarked in the course of conversation that he'd developed a new quick way of changing auto tires. If it should prove that this is something practical, it could very well be that several millionaires will be hatched out of this.

"There's no doubt whatsoever that a man with determination to make a million dollars can do so today, one way or another," said Mr. Porter. "And he wouldn't necessarily have to be a genius either. I have run into more than one individual in my time who, while the possessor of a million dollars, didn't seem to have any particular monopoly on intelligence.

"However," Mr. Porter added, "in making the million, you might also acquire a first-class case of ulcers." THE END

DOUBLE CROSS OR NOTHING

(Continued from page 16)

eyes and stare out at me. I couldn't say that I blamed him. He wasn't afraid of me, but I was the boy who could get in touch with John Baron. John had been the big loser on Rocky.

Maybe a minute went by. I guess in that time Rocky went over all of it. He probably considered the possibility of running and hiding some more. But that wouldn't be easy with a wife on his hands. He stopped thinking.

"I guess John was pretty mad." He looked up at me.

"John was mad."

He picked up a beer mug and worked on it. I could see him groping for a way out. He tried hard but the words wouldn't come. He spread his arms helplessly.

"How much did you lose, Joe? Maybe I can pay it back—a little at a time out of the business here."

"Five grand," I said. "You left me in a pretty spot."

It was a figure that he couldn't even comprehend. Like the national debt, or the distance to the farthest star. He smiled a sad crooked smile. "It's no good. I make just enough to keep me and Madge going . . ."

I stopped listening when he mentioned her. There was a picture I had been carrying in my mind for a long time. Honey-colored hair. Eyes as clear as an Arizona sky. . . . Maybe Rocky saw what was going on in my mind.

He said, "Joe, there's something you've got to believe. I didn't cross you and John for money. I guess it's something I can't explain." He spread his arms in that helpless way again. "After the fight I brought Madge here to Oklahoma and we opened this place. She didn't like fighting. You know that."

I knew. She had never seen but one

fight—that last one of Rocky's in Chicago. I used to think that was the reason she wouldn't marry me, because I was mixed up in the racket. That didn't hold much water after she married a fighter. A tank-er at that.

Rocky was through. He could have put up a better argument if he had tried. He could have told me how Madge still liked me. How she talked about me sometimes, and saved paper clippings where my name was mentioned. But he didn't do it.

"I owe you for a beer," I said.



"This one is on the house, Joe."

I took out a bill and laid it on the bar. I turned and left him standing there, still polishing that same beer mug.

I made it back to Oklahoma City in about thirty minutes. After I checked in at a hotel I placed a phone call to Los Angeles and waited.

Then I began to wonder. Why had Rocky crossed us on that dive in Chicago? If it had been for money, he didn't have any of it now. Why else would a guy be tempted to cross John Baron?

I didn't get any answers, but that wasn't very important. The thing was, he had crossed us. If you let one character get away with that, the first thing you know everybody will be walking on you.

Maybe fifteen minutes went by. Then the telephone jangled and I took the receiver.

"Hello, John, this is Joe Mason."

"What the hell are you doing in Oklahoma? I thought you were on your way to L.A."

"I was, but I ran on to something here. I've just been talking to Rocky Barnett."

There was a sharp intake of breath in Los Angeles. Then there was nothing but the hum of wires. Seconds crawled by. After a while the operator's voice said:

"Waiting?"

John's voice came from far away. "I've been waiting a long time for this." Then to me, "All right, Joe, I'll catch the next flight out. How about Rocky?"

"He won't get away. He's got a little business south of here. It would take a couple of days to get that off his hands."

That was good enough for John. Whatever he had in mind he would tell me about when he got here. "Hold tight, Joe. I'll see you tomorrow."

I sat on the bed and thought about

Rocky Barnett. I wouldn't want to be in his place when John Baron went to work on him. I began to think about Madge. Rocky wasn't going to be pretty when Baron got through with him. He might not even be alive. When I found myself wondering what Madge was going to think of me when this was over, I decided it was time to stop. I left the room, went down to the coffee shop and tried to eat.

If you stay around the fight game long enough you don't feel at home where there's not the smell of sweat and leather in the air. According to a bell hop, the local arena was south of town. He gave me the directions and said they had a card of local boys every Thursday. This was Thursday.

They squeezed me in at ringside between a fat man and a popcorn machine and I watched the boys go through their acts. To make things interesting I made some side bets with the fat man. I dropped ten dollars on that, but I figured I got my money's worth in information.

First, I learned that the bookmakers did a lively business. Then I found out there was a fighter the crowd put a lot of stock in, a boy by the name of Ted Gardner. Ted Gardner was a red-head, according to the fat man, a little too heavy to make the welter class, and he had a flat nose.

To the crowd he was Ted Gardner. To me he was Rocky Barnett, and it started an idea growing in the back of my mind. I left before the windup started and went back to the hotel to do some thinking.

I wasn't sure why I bothered. Maybe it was because I had seen some boys that John Baron had finished with. It could be easier on Madge if we squared accounts with Rocky in a civilized way.

The next day I met John at the airport and we came back to town in my car. John is a little guy, little and tough, the kind that looks like he is made of spring steel. He had brought a man with him, a man named Benny that I had seen be-

fore. Benny was too big, his eyes were too hard, and his suit coat fit too tight over the bulge of his shoulder holster.

We didn't say much until we got back to the hotel. I watched John sit straight in his chair and stare at the drink in his hand. After a while he said, "Tell me about it."

"It was just an accident," I said. "I stopped in one of those roadside joints and there he was."

Baron allowed himself a little smile. He looked at Benny and the big man grinned tightly.

I said, "Look John, this town is hot. If you put Benny to work it might be bad."

He didn't think so, but he could see that I had something on my mind, and John Baron is a man who can listen.

"Since I called you I've found out some things," I said. "First, the bookmakers are getting a good play here at the local arena. Second, Rocky Barnett is a favorite here, fighting under the name of Ted Gardner."

Baron was getting it. I couldn't tell if he liked it, but he thought it over for a long time. A dollar means a lot to a man like him.

"These bookmakers," he said finally. "I dropped fifteen grand in Chicago. Can they cover money like that?"

"And more," I said. "This is an oil town and some of the boys like to talk in big numbers. I heard of an Indian who bet twice that on one fight. He lost."

After another wait he said, "I think I'd like to talk to Rocky. Tell Benny how he can get to him so he can bring him here."

I said sure and gave Benny the directions and the keys to my car. It looked like my idea might take hold. After Benny left I mixed myself a tall one and got ready to wait and find out.

I thought I could see the dollar-marks in Baron's eyes now. He had come to Oklahoma just to do some getting-even, but now there was a chance he might make some money in the deal. And I wasn't forgetting my chance to get my

five grand back. Two hours crawled by on my wrist watch. Then there was a knock at the door and Benny was back.

Rocky Barnett came in first. He didn't seem to be mad. There was just that animal-like helplessness in his eyes that I had seen the day before. John set his drink down and said:

"You picked a good place to hide, Rocky. I'll say that for you."

Rocky didn't do anything.

"You lousy, double-crossing fink," John Baron's voice was smooth and hard like the steel in a fine gun. I could see hate in John's eyes and I was afraid he wouldn't ever be satisfied with my way of getting even.

But I was forgetting the importance of a dollar to a man like that. He sat there and thought of all the things he could do to Rocky. But then his fifteen grand came into the picture again and that did it. He said:

"Me and Joe figure you owe us something, Rocky, for that runaround in Chicago. I was all set to collect my way, but Joe figures if we get our money back then we'll let it go at that."

John let him think about it. Then, "You've been doing some fighting under another name, Rocky. You're quite a favorite here with the local boys. That means that you're apt to get a good play with the bookies when you fight. Is that right?"

Rocky was beginning to get it now. It was the old game, the high dive he had crossed us on before. He wasn't liking it much, but he said:

"I guess that's right."

"When are you booked for your next bout?"

Rocky hesitated. "... Next Thursday. A boy named Sailor Wilson."

"What'll the odds be?"

"About even."

Even money: that isn't the way Baron likes to bet. But it's not so bad if you know how it's coming out.

"You're going to lose that one, Rocky," the boss said matter of factly. "You're going to do this so Joe and me can get our money back."

For a minute Rocky didn't say anything. It's not often that a man gets to settle a debt like this by just throwing a fight. He moved the idea slowly in his mind. Finally he reached the only conclusion there was.

"All right, Baron, I'll lose it," John Baron allowed himself the second smile of the day. Then Rocky said a funny thing. "But you won't tell Madge about it. I'll go ahead and do it, but Madge can't ever know."

You never tell anybody about a fix. Rocky knew that. There was an urgency in his voice that was out of all proportion to what he was saying. It sounded funny to John too. I thought I saw something light up behind those cool eyes of his.

"Sure, Rocky. Nobody knows nothing," Baron sat back with a satisfied sigh and grinned. It's not good when John grins like that. It means that he's got something on his mind and it's not going to be good.

But I didn't push it. Whatever Baron



"... Then she was called by 'Truth or Consequences' but she didn't know who was Papa and Mama Hush, then she was called by 'Stop the Music' but she didn't know what the 'Mystery Melody' was, then she was called by ..."

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had on his mind it was too hot to hold, and sooner or later he would come out with it.

I didn't find out what it was until the day of the fight. That was when John called me up to his suite to give me the money to make the bets with.

"It's working out even better than I'd hoped," he said. He still had that satisfied grin, pacing up and down the room in a silk robe like a movie racketeer. Then he stopped suddenly and turned to me. "Did you ever hear of somebody crossing John Baron and getting away with it?"

I hadn't.

"They're not starting now," he said sharply. "Rocky Barnett, or anybody else."

At first I thought he meant to put Benny to work after the fight, but then I saw that wasn't it.

"Do you know what could hurt Rocky more than anything that could happen?"

I thought I did, but I didn't say anything.

"I'll tell you," Baron said. "For his wife to see him lay down. Do you know why he crossed us in Chicago? His wife was in the crowd and he couldn't pull a dive while she was looking." John laughed. "Rocky Barnett, the guy that's taken a thousand dives, couldn't pull it off while his wife was looking."

I had guessed that much. Baron had too, when Rocky hadn't wanted Madge to know about the fix. Rocky Barnett—not a very good fighter, not very smart. Just a game guy that was in love with his wife and didn't want her to know he was a phony. It was crazy, crossing John over a thing like that. But I wondered if I wouldn't have done the same thing if I had been in Rocky's place. If Madge had been my wife.

But I wasn't in Rocky's place. The only thing I had to worry about was getting my five grand back, and that's where I thought John was slipping up.

Baron grinned. "You're thinking that Rocky crossed us once, maybe he'll do it again for the same reason." The grin went away. "He won't. He knows better."

You'd think he would. You don't make the same mistake twice with guys like Baron. I could see it now—about fight time Madge would get a ringside ticket. And a note maybe, telling her she could use the ticket to see her husband pull a tanker. Curiosity would take care of the rest. Maybe she wouldn't want to go. But she would.

John was grinning again now. "I'd like to see his face when he spots his wife there at the ringside. It's almost enough to make me go myself."

John doesn't go to fights, he just fixes them. Smart money scares if it thinks John Baron is interested. I said, "It ought to be a scream."

It was early when I got to the arena, but the four-bit customers were already beginning to sift through the gates to get their pick of the seats. I had already learned that Mike Sawyer was the bookie to see and I sought him out.

Mike was a little hatchet-face man with needlepoint eyes and an office set up in a Buick sedan. He cut me a half a dozen ways with a glance and said:

"How much?"

I told him and he didn't bat an eye. He looked at his partner in the back seat, a big man with a .38 in plain view that sort of told the kind of cargo the Buick carried. Sawyer said, "All right. We may have to spread some of it out, but we'll be here when you want to get it down." And some of those bookies in the east call themselves operators!

"I'll wait until the prelims are over to see if the odds shift," I told him. "We'll be here," Sawyer grunted. After that I went down to ringside and waited for the first bouts to start.



Ordinarily I don't spend much time feeling sorry for other people, but right then I felt sorry for Rocky Barnett. If he pulled the dive like John wanted, then he would never be able to face Madge again. And if he didn't pull the dive he would end up as cold meat in an alley somewhere.

By the time I brought my mind back to the arena the prelims were over, and there was that tight feeling that a fight crowd gets before the favorites come on. It was time to get the money down. I got up from my chair and pushed my way to the aisle. . . . And then I saw her.

She was sitting down front against the edge of the ring and she didn't see me. She didn't seem to see anything but that dirty patch of canvas gleaming under the hard lights. It seemed a long time that I stood there looking at her. She hadn't changed much. Her light hair was just as soft, framing her face the same as I remembered. Her eyes seemed a little bigger and a little clearer than most eyes. They could say wonderful things if they were looking at the right guy. I had never been that guy.

Then Rocky Barnett came down the aisle toward the ring. Madge stood up with the rest of the crowd, and the roar of the fans rose like a solid thing. Rocky went straight to the ring and climbed in.

Maybe a minute went by while he sat there on his stool. Then he saw her.

I know now what a man looks like when he is beat, when it is impossible for him to win, no matter what he does. His eyes weren't pleasant to look at. I was glad when Sailor Wilson came in and the crowd jumped up and I couldn't see them any more. I pushed up the aisle and went out to find Mike Sawyer.

After I had got the bets down and made it back to the arena the bell rang for round one. I found my chair and watched while an emptiness started growing in my stomach.

Sailor Wilson was a squat, bullet-headed man—about a hundred and fifty-five pounds of low slung wrecking machinery. I figured the crowd must think pretty well of Rocky Barnett to bet him even against a man like that.

The first round went slow. That was all right, John Baron hadn't put a time limit on this one. They stepped the second round up a little, but it was the third that brought the crowd to its feet. The sailor came out fast and slammed a right in Rocky's gut. A hook under the heart staggered Rocky and the Sailor came swarming in. Then it was toe to toe while the crowd yelled.

The Sailor sunk another right in the middle, then stepped back and let one explode in Rocky's face. That did it. The Sailor watched him fall, then he turned and went to his corner, the way a man does when a job is finished.

I held my breath and the referee picked up the count. "Two!"

Rocky moved. He got his chin off the canvas and shook his head weakly. This was his chance. It had been a good punch and there wasn't a fan in the arena that would blame him if he didn't get up.

I was watching Madge now. Somehow I knew that whatever happened now would depend on her. Then I got a look at her eyes, begging Rocky to get up.

The referee shouted, "Six!" Four seconds for Rocky to make up his mind. Whatever he decided to do in those four seconds could mean the difference between life and death.

I knew then that John Baron had guessed wrong. The one sure way to make Rocky fight was to plant Madge in the audience. Odd that Baron hadn't learned that. At the count of eight Rocky got to his knees. He looked down at Madge and his decision was made. Just living doesn't mean much to some men; not if they lose the respect of somebody they love. Baron wouldn't understand a thing like that.

I knew how it was going to end, Rocky Barnett might never win another fight, but he would win this one. I knew it like I knew the sun would rise in the east tomorrow.

It happened in the eighth. The Sailor was a good boy, better than Rocky, but he couldn't win that night. The Champion couldn't have won that night after Rocky made up his mind. Later I burned a Chicago paper that said it was a right cross that put the Sailor down for the count. Well, it was a cross, all right. How right it was, I didn't know.

I stayed long enough to watch Rocky climb out of the ring. I watched Madge

COLOSSAL
STUPENDOUS
THRILLING

THE NEW MOVIES

GIGANTIC
NOT TOO BAD
SUPERB

By R. WILSON BROWN

THE LAWTON STORY

Hallmark Productions presents, in color, the story of the Rev. A. Mark Wallock of Lawton, Okla., and his Easter pageant The Prince of Peace with a cast of 3,000 and introducing 6-year-old Ginger Prince.

In Lawton, Okla., Rev. A. Mark Wallock has for many years presented an annual Wichita Mountain Easter Pageant based



Jesus talks to a woman of Samaria in this film version of the life of Christ

upon the life of Christ. It is to America what the Oberammergau passion play is to Europe. And it is the basis for *The Lawton Story*. Mr. Wallock didn't conduct the pageant this year and he will never see the picture. He died on Christmas night. Nevertheless, Hallmark Productions went ahead with the story, which is one of the finest pictures I've ever seen. In the first place, it is time for the screen to give us a little relief from blood and thunder. Secondly, it is done in a human down-to-earth sort of way which is beautiful and touching. Finally, there is no greater story that can be told. But don't get the idea it is only a pageant of the life of Christ. Throughout is an interesting and simple story of how the pageant is planned and developed and how a little girl plays her own role in bringing men together in a spirit of brotherhood. Many of the same people who play in the Lawton annual production—housewives and business men—appear in the picture.

THE STRATTON STORY

An M-G-M picture with James Stewart, June Allyson, Frank Morgan and Agnes Moorehead.

Here is a picture with a special appeal to the Legion. It deals with the fight to overcome physical handicaps and was inspired in part when studio executives saw a group of wheel chair veterans engaging in sports. Monty Stratton (James Stewart) is a lanky farm boy with a terrific pitch who winds up in the White

Sox camp. He marries an understanding woman (June Allyson), they have a son, and he becomes a baseball sensation. But a hunting accident makes amputation of a leg necessary. Monty is depressed and helpless. Here the script engages in skillful manipulation on the theme of "a little child shall lead them." As Monty watches his son take his first steps, he realizes that he too can learn to walk again. This is Stewart's best role to date, and yet not without an occasional chuckle. It's June Allyson's best role, too, and these two could well be paired again.

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET THE KILLERS

A Universal-International picture with Bud Abbott, Lou Costello, Boris Karloff, Alan Mowbray, Donna Martell, Lenore Aubert and Roland Winters.

Abbott and Costello are slapstick artists who stick to the same pattern of comedy in all their pictures. While this one is no exception, the setting is a definite improvement. Here A. & C. set about to burlesque the whodunit type of picture which monthly crowds theater screens—and they succeed. To add the gruesome touch of the normal suspense film, the studio parades Boris (Frankenstein) Karloff, Roland (Charlie Chan) Winters, Victoria (the sinister matron) Horne and others of like gruesomeness as suspects, then throws in Costello for good measure. Of course Costello stumbles on the real culprit and, purely by accident, nabs him and becomes a hero. Especially good from



This famous pair of laugh dispensers combines goose pimples with chuckles

the laugh angle is the episode wherein Costello falls into a cave, snags on a stalactite, is pulled half way up by a would-be rescuer who changes his mind and leaves Mr. C. dangling. Sure, too, for a pack of laughs is Costello's masquerade in woman's togs, complete with baby buggy. There's a good trick ending, but it would be unfair to reveal it in advance.

fight her way to him and kiss him crazily. I admitted some things to myself then. Rocky wasn't dumb. He had what he wanted, and John Baron and everybody else be damned. I would have given a lot to have been in Rocky's place then.

But I wasn't, and I never would be. After I had seen the bookmakers I found my car and headed toward town. Baron would be waiting.

When I got to the hotel I went over to a house phone and gave John's number. "This is Joe," I said. "I just got back from seeing Rocky go through his act."

"Well, what the hell. . . Come up to the room." He hesitated. "Wait a minute.



Everything went all right, didn't it?"

I became aware of the bulge in my coat pocket. "Everything was all right," I said. "Even money, that's all I could get."

Baron laughed. "That's good enough. How about it, I'll bet his face was something to see when he spotted his wife there?"

I said, "Yes, It was something to see."

I replaced the receiver and it didn't occur to me until then what a crazy thing I had done. Sweat beaded on my forehead and my palms were wet. I had seen people who had crossed John and I knew what happened to them. What had made me do it?

Maybe it was something I had seen in Rocky's face when he had seen Madge there in the crowd. Or maybe I had just put myself in Rocky's place. If Madge had been my wife, would I have crossed John for the second time to keep her from finding out I was a phony?

I guess I would have. That was the reason I had bet the money on Rocky instead of Sailor Wilson. I had said to myself, "Hell, he's going to win—and Baron'll kill him—but why throw the money away too."

My scare went away and I got to thinking straight again. John Baron and I had our money. If I could hustle Baron out of town he would never know. I went over to the elevator and gave the girl Baron's floor.

"And hurry," I said. "I've got to get a man on a plane."

THE END

A FIGHTING CHANCE FOR UNIFICATION

(Continued from page 14)

rine patrol." The Army consented to the existence of the Marine Corps as specialists in amphibious warfare, the other two services endorsed the need for a well-trained land army, and all three pledged the support to Universal Military Training. Proudly, the Pentagon announced.

"The Armed Forces have been integrated into an efficient team of land, naval and air forces."

It really looked as though the civil war in the National Military Establishment had finally been ended.

But it wasn't. Within weeks, the Navy was publicly campaigning to upset the settlement. High naval officers began claiming that their control over "the anti-submarine patrol" gave them the right to bomb any submarine base or factory, no matter how far inland. Rear Admiral D. V. Gallery went even further. He came out with a demand that all strategic bombing be turned over to carrier-based Navy bombers.

The Air Force was just as guilty of this internecine strife. Some of its officers launched a 24-hour-a-day crusade to have the fleet air arm abolished or reduced to microscopic size.

Secretly, behind the scenes in Congress, Air Force representatives tried to scuttle the Navy's plans for building a 65,000 ton "flush deck" carrier.

"We don't need any carriers," Air Force men argued on Capitol Hill. "Land-based planes can and should handle all bombing."

In its war with the Army, the Air Force even sought to sabotage UMT. When the military budget came up for discussion in Congress, last winter, the Air Force openly attempted to get switched to its

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More Reservists in the U. S. Army are needed AT ONCE. Do your part to strengthen our security! Members—stay in. Non-members—join up. Visit your local Reserve Unit Instructor's Office, nearest Post Commander ... or the U. S. Army and U. S. Air Force Recruiting Station in your locality ... for full details. Join up—stay in!

WALLY

Vive les
Américaines!!



(From July, 1933 A.L.M.)

own coffers the \$800,000,000 which President Truman had allotted to UMT.

"Why waste money on training soldiers when you can use it for planes," Air Force men stated.

Nor was the Army entirely blameless. Some of its officers started working overtime to get the Marine Corps wiped out or transferred to the Ground Forces.

There was even a struggle between the Army and the Air Force over so small an item as men's underwear. The Army, which is supposed to handle all clothing procurement for the Air Force, proposed that both services use khaki-colored shorts. They are necessary for camouflage purposes, the Army declared.

"Bunk," said an Air Force spokesman. "Camouflage is hokum."

The Secretary for Air himself asserted, "The Air Force wants white shorts and, as an autonomous service, it is going to have them."

And though it raised costs to the American taxpayer by hundreds of thousands of dollars, the Air Forces got white shorts!

The main inter-service fight, has of course, been the one concerning the use of air power. Air Force men think that the Air Force would be the major factor in any new war and, therefore, should get the lion's share of strategic responsibility and funds. The Navy believes that its carrier-based planes could do much (if not most) toward winning World War III and it wants this recognized by the strategic planners and the appropriations chiefs. The Army agrees with both of them that air power would be decisive but it still feels that no war can be won without land troops.

Wisely, Forrestal urged "a balanced force" of all three services.

"Strong ground and surface forces are necessary in order to enable the Air Forces and Naval Aviation to employ air power effectively and decisively," he said.

However, Forrestal's subordinates flagrantly defied him on this. Air Secretary Stuart Symington went right over his head

to Congress and asked that the "balanced force" program be dropped. Navy Secretary John L. Sullivan did much the same thing. Even the Army, the most moderate of the three services, was not above suspicion.

It was just this sort of bickering that brought about Pearl Harbor. With the Army and the Navy at sword points, neither service followed Washington's orders to guard against a surprise Japanese attack. The consequences were tragic. Five battleships, three destroyers, a minelayer and a target vessel were sunk. A score of other ships were badly damaged. Four hundred and twenty-three planes were destroyed. The United States was almost knocked out before the war began.

After 45 bloody months of war, America was firmly convinced of the need for unity in the services. All of the services weren't, though. The Army was for a 100 per cent merger, with the three services put under a single civilian secretary and a single chief of staff. But the Navy was opposed to this. It feared it might be swallowed by the Army. The Air Force objected, too. It wanted total independence. Other plans were also suggested, only to founder on service or Congressional opposition.

In the summer of 1947, a compromise was reached. Under it, the Air Force was set up as a separate department, along with a Department of the Army and the Navy Department, and all three placed in one broad Department of Defense with a single Secretary of Defense. His powers, however, were strictly limited to fixing "general policies." Each service was also given a civilian secretary, technically subordinate to the Secretary of Defense, but with the right of recourse to the President. No military chain of command was established. The Joint Chiefs of Staff—a four man group comprising the Chief of Staff of the Army, the Chief of Naval Operations, the Chief of Staff of the Air Force, and the Chief of Staff to the President—were left without a head.

This, America was told, was unification.

Some months ago, a 14 man committee, chairmaned by Ferdinand Eberstadt,* one of the nation's great military and production experts, and including 13 other top authorities, made a thorough investigation of the Military Establishment to see just how well this formula was working. The results of that probe were startling.

The Eberstadt Committee discovered that civil war in the Pentagon had resulted in the wasting of millions of dollars, the retarding of essential scientific research, the crippling of industrial preparedness and the emasculation of strategic planning for war.

"The continuance of intense inter-service rivalries hampers and confuses sound policy," the Committee said at the time.

Most of the Committee's report is classified as top secret but some of its findings can be disclosed here. The most shocking one was that, in the Committee's opinion, the Joint Chiefs of Staff were "a failure."

The Joint Chiefs were feuding so much among themselves, said the Committee, that they were unable to prepare America's strategic plan for World War III.

These top generals and admirals, according to the Committee, "allowed themselves to be influenced far too much by consideration of service particularism and aggrandizement, and have failed sufficiently to recognize and accept their responsibilities as an integrating agency of national military policy."

Included in the findings of the Eberstadt board on the Joint Chiefs of Staff were such other disclosures as these:

The Joint Chiefs were feuding with other key organizations in the security field. They had deliberately stayed "aloof" from the National Security Resources Board and the Munitions Board, the two organizations chiefly concerned with industrial mobilization.

Some time ago, the Munitions Board asked the Joint Chiefs for information about their plans for war.

"Let us know what kind of a war you're going to fight so we can plan to get you the weapons you'll need," the Board requested.

The Joint Chiefs ignored the inquiry.

The Joint Chiefs "made no effort to relate their military plans to the national production capacity in terms of manpower, materials, power, transportation and facilities."

The Joint Chiefs had even remained "aloof" from the ultra important Research and Development Board, the unit set up by Congress in the Office of the Secretary of Defense to coordinate "scientific research relating to national security."

Time and again, suggestions were made that the Joint Chiefs and the Research and Development Board establish a joint unit for the evaluation of scientific weap-

*A Navy pilot in WW1, Mr. Eberstadt was chairman of the Army-Navy Munitions Board and Vice-Chairman of the War Production Board during WW2. Since V-J Day he has played a large part in the nation's preparedness planning, helping to draft the National Security Act of 1947, co-operating with Bernard Baruch on United States Atomic Energy plans and as head of the National Security Committee of the Hoover Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government.



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ons. The Board was willing; the Joint Chiefs declined.

The Research and Development Board was supervising 18,000 different projects, at a cost of \$600,000,000, but it could get no guidance from the Joint Chiefs as to ultimate objectives. As a result, it could not fit these projects into any kind of a master plan.

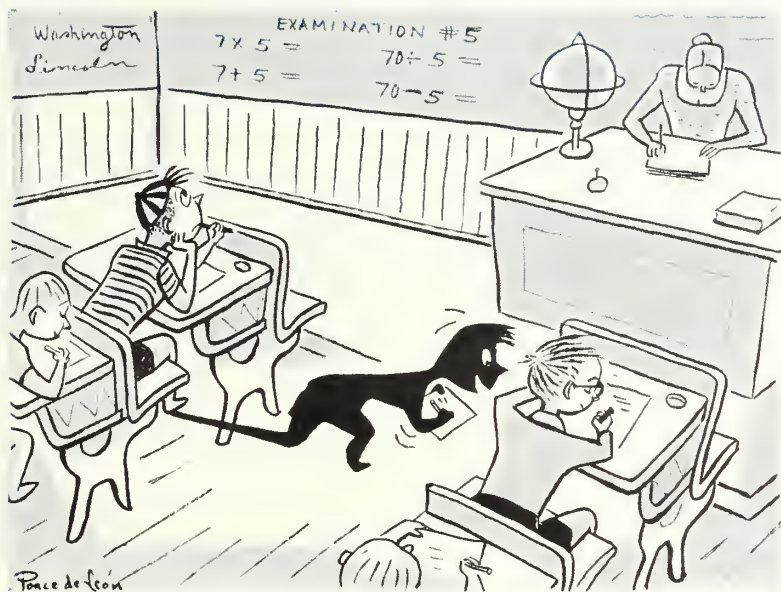
In the words of the Eberstadt Commit-

deputized to handle certain purchases for the other two. The Army, for example, is now buying all food, the Navy all coal and the Air Force all photographic equipment. Two years ago, only 18 per cent of the total dollar value of purchases by the National Military Establishment had been co-ordinated. Today, the figure has risen to 84 per cent.

On the other hand, the fact is that end-

IMPULSES

By Ponce de Leon



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

tec, "The situation is not good news."

It is true, as the Eberstadt Committee learned, that under Forrestal some strides were made in the direction of real unification.

He combined the Air Force and Navy air transport service. He arranged for the merger of the Army and Navy sea transport services. He got the Army, the Navy and the Air Force to make joint use of recruiting facilities.

By his orders, some joint Air Force-Navy air training was instituted. Air Force officers were "checked out" in carrier landings and take-offs and piloted Navy planes in naval war games. Navy planes took part in demonstrations of the Air Force's Tactical Air Command.

Down in Panama, the Army and Navy were persuaded to make joint use of each other's hospitals. It was, therefore, possible to close two of the six service hospitals in the Canal Zone.

In an endeavor to achieve some harmony in the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Forrestal brought General Dwight D. Eisenhower back from civilian life to serve temporarily as a chairman for the Joint Chiefs.

Forrestal's Munitions Board did much toward ending the jungle-like chaos that used to prevail in the supply field. No longer do the purchasing agents of the three services compete with each other and drive costs sky high. No longer does each service boost prices by insisting upon varying specifications for the same type of goods. Now, procurement has been largely standardized, with each service

less duplications and overlapping still do exist. Out on Guam, the Navy has fine warehouse and cold-storage facilities, but neither the Army nor the Air Force makes use of them. Each has its own. This sort of duplication can be found throughout the world in laundry services, postal systems, housing setups and thousands of other items.

The cure for this and for the continued inter-service squabbling, Forrestal felt, was "time."

"Unification," he declared, "is a matter of evolution. It will take years for the services to learn how to get along together, for them to become acquainted with each other's capabilities and limitations.

"During the past war, the Air Force saw most of its combat in Europe and the Navy did most of its fighting in the Pacific. Consequently, neither of them knows what the other can do. With time, they will."

But do we have the time? Or the money?

With a power-mad Russia seeking world domination, can we afford to have our defenses paralyzed by inter-service strife?

With the defense program already costing each American over \$100 a year, can we afford untold duplication and waste?

Says the Eberstadt Committee in this respect.

"There is a growing belief among responsible officials of Government that the Communist strategy in the struggle for the world is to force the United States into greater and greater expenditures of its resources for armaments, for economic

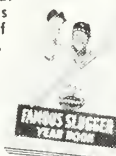


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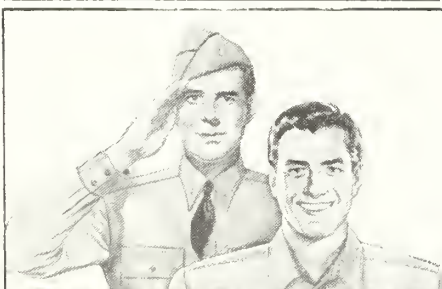
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True unification, most military experts believe, is the only answer. They are hoping that Louis Johnson, as our new Secretary of Defense, will be the man to achieve it.

Fifty-eight-year-old Johnson made a fine record as an infantry captain in the first World War. As Assistant Secretary of War from 1937 to 1940, he was, as *The New York Times* has stated editorially, "Indefatigable in his efforts to build up the Army, to draw plans for industrial mobilization and to make the people of the United States conscious of the great decisions that lay before them."

During the war, he carried out top echelon diplomatic assignments for President Roosevelt.

He certainly has every qualification for the job ahead of him.

But will he have the authority to do it well? I hope so.

Acting upon the recommendations of the Eberstadt Committee, President Truman urged Congress last March to give

the Secretary of Defense full "direction authority and control" over the three armed services and all other defense agencies.

He asked also that Congress provide for "A chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff... to take precedence over all other military personnel, and to be the principal military adviser to the President and the Secretary of Defense."

By the time you read this, the country can be hopeful that Congress will have written these recommendations into law.

That, however, will be merely the first step. Thereafter, it will be up to Defense Secretary Johnson to crack down on all three services and force them to stop their squabbling.

America is not asking miracles of Johnson. It does not expect him to do the job overnight. But it is counting upon him as a strong man to take strong steps to compel the "brass hats" to stop fighting each other and start preparing to fight America's real enemies.

At its 1948 National Convention, The American Legion urged "that all speed possible be exercised in achieving the goal of true unification and harmony between the services."

If anybody can do this, Louis Johnson can—and will. For he knows that unless this be done, we perish.

THE ENI

THE DAY

(Continued from page 26)

He would fight when he could group or deploy. But here, the enemy was the air, crowded with metal. He had just one idea—to get ashore and find a hole in the sand.

They got ashore by arithmetic. A man would cough and flounder, beat the surf and die. But two men hung with guns and gear would wallow past him. Whole boatloads of men burst outward in gusts of flame, but other boats tossing bow waves of reddened spray would veer aside

and flank the wreckage. It was sheer fate and percentage.

The first half hour was the worst. The 116th of the 27th Division lost eight hundred men, but they got in. The 16th of the 1st Division lost one-third of their assault strength, but they got in. Other units crowded in and the dead mounted. But by early afternoon, a thin line of men and machines was ashore and alive.

They grouped behind tanks and bull-



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

dozers and wrestled their way into the Vire valley and up the bluffs. Gradually the fight changed character, became tangible. Pillboxes and batteries were bought and paid for, one by one. Men became soldiers who could use their training, leadership, and bravery, as a soldier should. The fight flamed on that day, and for many days. But, with the beach behind them, the hole was made. And through the hole poured troops by the thousands, over the beach and up the bluff, past the scattered, blood-soaked coin of barter. They were carelessly strewn, tumbled by breakers, huddled in dignity or grotesquely shattered. But each remnant had been an inch—a forward-pushing inch of

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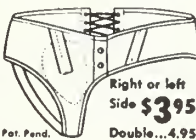
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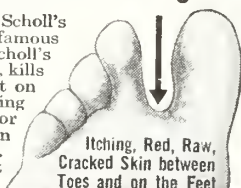
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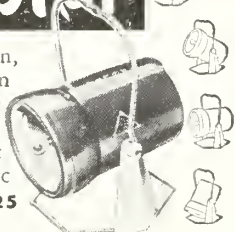
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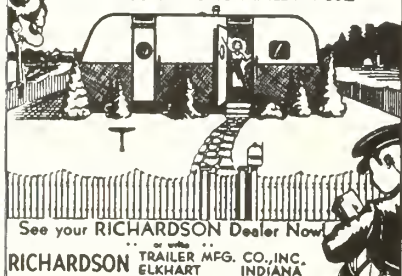
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*Getting the general to rest in peace
caused chaos at Gettysburg*

By AUGUST BURGHARDT

The general, an old, old man, had died.

He had served with distinction in the War Between the States. He had important connections and friends in high places. Before his passing he had expressed a desire to be buried in National Military Park at Gettysburg. Such a funeral was so ordered, and the Park people began to arrange the elaborate details.

Six white horses were to lead the cortege down the main street. Careful figuring showed that exactly seven minutes would be required to remove the casket from the train when it arrived from Baltimore and to clear the principal intersections on the route to the burial grounds.

Every detail was precisely planned. Watches were synchronized. The train arrived exactly on time. The superintendent met the general's fine little widow, escorted her to the Cadillac limousine especially borrowed for the occasion. Meanwhile a young lieutenant went to the forward part of the train with a guard of honor to remove the casket containing the remains of the general.

In a very few minutes he was back, teeth clenched, perspiration covering his brow. Signalling the superintendent, who excused him-

self from the widow, he said, "There is no casket on the train!"

It developed through whispered conversation that there was never a second section of that particular train. The lieutenant left on-the-double to call Baltimore.

Meanwhile the permitted seven minutes for blocking the through-highway were ticking away. The waiting lines of tomato trucks from the south and milk trucks from the north grew longer and longer. Beer truckers grew restive. Drivers of the splendid motorcycle escort gunned their motors, tension replacing their confidence in the beautifully organized plans.

The lieutenant returned, his dismay obvious. No coffin had been placed on the train. In fact, there was no record in Baltimore of the general's coffin.

The superintendent tried to explain to the widow. "Madam, through a most unfortunate error your husband's remains were not placed on the train. Please let us drive you to the hotel, where you can rest until the next train arrives."

"Oh," said the little lady, "Didn't I explain? I am so sorry that you didn't understand. My husband's body was cremated and his ashes are here in this little handbag I'm carrying."

SOUND OFF

(Continued from page 8)

damage of all is the loss of the mind or the spirit or both. Men like Hensel prove that life is worth living so long as the inner man is not disabled. In many instances less dramatic physical injury, by striking at the mind or the vital organs destroys the man as well as his senses.

Editors

COMRADE, BUDDY, ETC.

Answering Buddy Henry Chesney's blurb in the April 1949 issue of The American Legion Magazine in which he says the salutation *comrade* is reminiscent of communism and suggests *buddy* as a more appropriate substitute. In my opinion the word *buddy* is commonplace. One has often heard the word applied to anyone, even children: "Hey, buddy," or "Hey, bud," even when the party addressed has no connection with veterans.

The word *comrade* stands in a class by itself and reminds one of a poem written during the Napoleonic days which is in part as follows:

"A soldier of the Legion* lay dying in Algiers . . .

But a *comrade* stood beside him, while his life blood ebbed away . . ."

Let's stick to Comrade.

Dr. C. A. Macpherson
Chicago, Illinois

My father was a veteran of the Civil War and I remember how he and other veterans called each other *comrade* at all times. In the Spanish-American War we always called a soldier *comrade* unless he belonged to our company, when we addressed him as *buddy*. My son (WW2, with a Purple Heart he got in Italy) belongs to the Legion and is in the hospital part of the time. I am past 77 years of age and think the word *comrade* shows a bond between veterans.

Henry C. Ray
Toledo, Oregon

The question is, should we give the Russians the sole right to the use of the word *Comrade*? If the Russians use it, we used it first, and let's not turn it over to them.

O. F. Costello
Arcadia, Florida

During my twelve years of active service in the Army I never heard the word *comrade* used when a soldier was talking about one of his soldier friends. He always said *buddy*. Please let the commies have the word *comrade* for "keeps." I don't like the word.

J. A. Yancey
Paris, Tenn.

My father was once Commander of a G.A.R. Post (T. Lyle Dickey, Illinois). Incidentally, he was with Sheridan in the famous campaign down the Shenandoah Valley and was witness to that "Sheridan's Ride with Winchester twenty miles away" which turned the battle's tide. The members of my father's Post always addressed one another as "*comrade*."

"Buddy" implies intensive personal as-

sociation, whereas "*comrade*" is broader, and to that extent more dignified.

No, Comrade Bendel, "*Comrade*," with its distinctively American concept, is here to stay.

Yours in Comradeship,
Armand J. Barron
Los Angeles, Calif.

Re this controversy of changing *comrade* to *buddy*, I concur with the editor in maintaining the former in addressing members of our organization. I fail to see any similarity to "*commie*" either. Also why not a clarification of the manner of addressing the Commander at meetings, such as Comrade Commander instead of the frequent "*Mister*." To my mind the latter is almost disrespectful although I realize it is used largely through lack of proper instruction.

R. A. Bishop
Spokane, Washington

In the editorial comment following the letters of Roland Bendel and Henry P. Chesney in the April issue you ask, are we going to permit the commies to steal

comrade? As long as the word has such an evil and un-American connotation, we should give it to them—lock, stock and barrel.

Some members I know make a point of staying away from meetings merely because the sound of *comrade* makes them so mad they lose sight of all the good the Legion does. I'm inclined to agree with them.

Lyle D. Davis
San Bernardino, Calif.

To find *comrade* disagreeable is about as logical as it would be to make faces at the word *Christianity*, because both the first and the last name of the Founder, also the two combined, roll off so many lips in foul profanity. But all this is linguistics, the one discipline about which Americans are almost wholly uninformed. We have over 1700 college presidents. It is extremely doubtful whether 100 of them can solve the simplest of all problems in philology: evaluate a word from a normal dictionary, say Webster's.

Allen W. Porterfield
Tuckahoe, New York

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*French Foreign Legion. The quotation is the opening lines of Caroline Norton's famous *Bingen on the Rhine*.



PALATEERS

Two ex-GI's, F. Stephen McArthur and Murray Plavner, wanted to get into a new kind of business when they got out of the service. They considered television, plastics and frozen foods. After some deliberation and investigation, they settled on the last of these.

Determined to learn merchandising from the ground up, they opened a grocery store at 35 W. 8th St., in New York City's Greenwich Village. Eventually they graduated into the wholesale grocery field with the formation of a new sales organization which they aptly call Truly American Foods, specializing in the merchandising of regional American dishes. The vets decided on this unique idea because of the popularity of a New England line of specialties they carried in their store. Starting with only six dishes, they gradually extended their line to over 100 items, and took on the national distribution of these products. Among their foods are Pennsylvania Dutch dishes, New Orleans Creole food and Southern specialties. And they're constantly looking for new regional foods to add to their retail grocery as well as their wholesale business.

They do not intend giving up their grocery store, despite the success of their wholesale business, for McArthur and Plavner believe there is no substitute for the behind-the-counter contact with the consumer in learning why a new product will or won't sell.

BY HY KELLY

MAKING THE WEATHER PAY

Everybody talked about the weather but no one ever did anything about it—that is, until a couple of Chicago ex-GI's came along.

John R. Murray and Dennis W. Trettel, both Air Force weather experts during the war, make a nice living by keeping an eye on weather trends and forecasting them for midwest clients.

They tell a Milwaukee department store when to bring galoshes in from the warehouse—or on what days to advertise straw hats. They tip off a Chicago foundry to plan for a week of heavy production because temperature, humidity and wind velocity will be perfect for that plant's operations. They warn an Iowa turkey farmer to ship his birds to market in advance of a coming storm, and their forecasts enable a gas company to anticipate a cold wave requiring extra gas.

The two vets are not competing with Uncle Sam's weather bureau—they are specialists for business and industry, providing invaluable data which has helped many a businessman.



Murray and Trettel provide forecasts 72 hours in advance, following up with other, more detailed reports. As professionals, the two men are licensed by the department of commerce to receive daily teletype weather reports.

The AAF sent Murray to study at the University of Michigan, then to Chanut Field, Ill., and later to the San Marcos navigational school where he completed courses in meteorology and navigation. Trettel studied at New York University before going to Texas where he met Murray.

Now they've combined their war-time knowledge to make a unique and profitable post-war career, operating from offices at 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

BY C. J. PAPARA

JEWELRY WITH A PACIFIC ACCENT

One farm boy, plus World War II, adds up to an original jewelry industry which is amazing thousands . . . especially its creator, Thomas L. Davis. Raised on a farm, Davis was an examiner for the Federal Home Loan Bank Administration when war service shuttled him to Manus Island, in the Admiralties, as a Navy storekeeper.

Davis wanted to find souvenirs to send back to the States, but as island barter proved quite crude, he designed and fashioned his own . . . rings and bracelets from cat eye shells and plexiglas salvaged from wrecked planes. His idea was an immediate success with his buddies, who begged him to make more jewelry for their friends back home.

From this simple beginning, Davis designed mother-of-pearl inlay bracelets. Tin snips, pliers, files and a nail proved once again that necessity can still be the mother of invention. Scrap ammunition boxes supplied the metal for finishing the jewelry.

Returning to the States, Davis established a shop near the Post Office in his home town of Lyons, Kansas, and after a year of inventing and perfecting tools and dies, is in the midst of a most successful jewelry manufacturing industry.

Tahitian mother-of-pearl, either smoked or white, is combined with yellow or rose gold, or stainless steel to make strikingly simple, yet beautiful bracelets, chokers, and men's and ladies' watchbands. Prices for these items range from \$10 to \$22.50. Ten dollars, for example, is the cost of a lady's watchband.

Perhaps it is the exacting workmanship, or the completely original design, but people are going for this new jewelry.

BY EARLENE E. MARTIN

WHAT MAKES THEM COMMIES?

(Continued from page 13)

over and smashed. He had given orders to his gangsters to slaughter the Negro workers in the plant who out of loyalty to Ford had decided to resist the communist pressure to force them out on strike. If the management had not induced the Negroes to leave the plant McKie would have gone through with his massacre of the blacks in spite of the professed policy of the communist party of friendship to the Negro.

McKie is contemptuous of our country and its flag. Proof is the following story written by McKie which throws light on how ignorant workers are recruited into the communist party:

"In the organization of the Ford workers, we came up against the unemployment problem. One of the members of the local was being evicted. . . . He was one of those ultra conservatives who thought that the authorities were not so bad as we made them out to be.

"When they came to evict him, he said he'd show us how he'd beat the sheriff. He wrapped himself in the American flag and lay down right in front of the door. Well, the sheriff just lifted him up with the American flag and took out his furniture and threw it on the street.

"What are you boys going to do now,' he asked us. Well, we picked up the furniture and brought it right back into the house. And when he saw that, he said he was going to join the communist party, if that's the way we did things."

But what McKie failed to add was that the flag idea was his own, not that of the unemployed worker, calculated to undermine in the worker respect for the flag and the nation it represented. Gone in McKie are the instincts of a religious man imbued with idealism. Instead we have the saboteur, the gangster, the sinister communist conspirator.

(Continued on page 54)



(From June, 1934 A.L.M.)

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(Continued from page 52)

An important select group in the communist movement consists of former non-communist radicals who joined the communist party in order to overcome their disappointments and failures in the labor movement. Such individuals are found in the leadership of the movement, not in the rank and file. They fall into two categories. One is consumed by a burning

the upkeep of his large family. At an early age Foster had to work at difficult health-destroying jobs, and contracted tuberculosis. The bitterness against society which marked his early youth has remained with him throughout life.

Foster is an able man. In intellectual accomplishments he towers above the other leaders of the party. He started work at the premature age of 10. He never



"Just turn down your volume if you've heard this one."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

ambition for popular acclaim and leadership among radical workers; the other, left finally to his own resources, is motivated by the desire for a well-paying job in the communist movement which will remove him from a dismal future of an old age spent in unemployment and poverty. The latter are the pie card artists among the communist leaders, a term applied to individuals who joined the I.W.W. in order to become paid officials of the organization.

The communist party purposely seeks such failures in the labor movement and entices them with lucrative offers to join the party. Such men and women become the most servile agents of the party. In their eagerness to prove their worth to the movement they slavishly follow the party line and excel all others in their allegiance to Stalin. In them we have some of the most dishonest and perfidious tools of communism.

The portraits of two outstanding leaders of the communist party will illustrate each category. William Z. Foster, the party's chairman, is one. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, the foremost woman leader of the party, is the other.

Foster was born in extreme poverty in Taunton, Massachusetts. Of the 23 children borne by his mother only three survived. His father, who came from Ireland was a livery stable hand, more interested in watching prize fights than in earning a living, and never provided enough for

had a schooling. By sheer grit and determination he educated himself. Early in life he concluded that his adversity was due to society, that the rich and the government were responsible for his suffering. A Catholic in his youth and intensely religious, he early questioned the goodness of a God who did not respond to his prayers and treated him so badly. He had faith in Bryan's democracy. Then socialism captured his imagination. A career as a hobo brought him in contact with the International Workers of the World, and he joined that organization, which came to be known as the I.W.W. or Wobblies. A trip to Europe turned him into a militant unionist, a revolutionary syndicalist, one who believed that the American Federation of Labor could be transformed into a revolutionary organization for the overthrow of the government through sabotage, direct action and the general strike. He wound up an anarchist opposed in principle to political action and all constituted government.

Just prior to World War I Foster made peace with the American Federation of Labor. Samuel Gompers gave him an opportunity to show what he could do by putting him in charge of the campaign to organize the workers in the steel industry. A strike called in 1919 by Foster against the advice of experienced trade union officials who were working under him ended in disaster. Foster blamed Gompers for betraying the strike and

found himself without a job and out of the A.F. of L.

He formed an organization known as the Trade Union Educational League based on a program of revolutionary syndicalism by which to build up a movement in the A.F. of L. to wrest the organization away from Gompers and make Foster its president. The organization proved a joke. Foster counted his followers on the fingers of one hand. He brooded over his failures. It seemed to him that just as whatever King Midas touched turned to gold, whatever he touched turned to dust and failure.

At the time of his greatest despondency, when the leadership he sought seemed unattainable, a Soviet G.P.U. agent named Carl E. Johnson, operating under the alias of Scott, contacted Foster. With money supplied by Russia, Foster, no longer penniless, made his first trip to Moscow in 1921. There plans were worked out by which Foster, with the aid of the communist party and huge subsidies from Moscow, was to capture the American Federation of Labor and put the communists in control. In Moscow he joined the Party, became a full fledged communist, and was co-opted into the top leadership of the underground communist party. But he kept his communist membership a secret up to 1924 and operated in the United States as a progressive trade unionist who sought to improve and reform the trade union movement.

No other leader in the communist party has been abused and utterly abused by Moscow leaders of the communist movement as has Foster. Stalin has taken a special delight in putting the frightened,

cowardly Foster, in his place. When Foster won a majority of the membership of the party in this country and laid claim to the top leadership of the party in 1925, Gusev, Stalin's personal representative to the American Communist Party, beat him down, took the leadership away from him and made another man the boss of the party. At the Sixth World Congress of the Communist International in 1929 Stalin promised to make Foster the boss of the American Party, then reneged on the promise. In Moscow in 1929 Stalin and Molotov pounced upon Foster, gave him a political tongue lashing under which Foster quailed, called him a liar, a speculator, a man who deliberately misrepresented what Stalin had promised him. Foster, pale as a ghost, quaked in his seat and muttered not one word in reply, even though he had Stalin's cable in his pocket ordering the communist party in America to make Foster its boss.

Foster is in mortal fear of another failure. He is the ideal red quisling. He will eat communist crow as long as he lives, for his soul belongs to Stalin.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn also typifies a tragic figure in the radical movement. Fear of economic insecurity and loneliness forced her to join the communist party. American born, of Irish parents, her father was a right wing socialist who believed in the ballot box and reforms, not in revolution. He opposed the communists up to the day he died. As a young girl of 15 Flynn created a sensation in radical circles as an oratorical firebrand. The Socialist Party proved too tame for her. She craved excitement and action. She found it in the I.W.W. This slim, prim, exceedingly beautiful stormy petrel of the I.W.W. gained wide renown as an organizer and leader of violent strikes. Out of her first romance with an I.W.W. leader a son was born, but the romance did not last. When the tall, charming Italian anarchist, Carlo Tresca, who in 1943 was assassinated by the communists, crossed her path, she fell madly in love with him.

World War I marked the disintegration of the I.W.W. as an important organization. Its leaders were indicted, found guilty and imprisoned. Flynn and Tresca escaped the dragnet. The communist party put the finishing touches to the organization and smashed it completely. Flynn no longer organized workers and led strikes. Instead she got herself a desk job raising defense funds for radical workers of all shades of opinion who ran afoul of the law.

On a tour for the International Labor Defense, a communist organization, Flynn, who then was not a communist, took desperately ill and hovered for a number of years between life and death. At this time too, Tresca left her. Upon her recovery she did not join the communist party, even though she was badly in need of a job. She could not stand communist regimentation and discipline. She disapproved Stalin's actions in 1929 in imposing his will against the majority of the American communist party and publicly said so. She maintained friendly relations with communist opposition elements in the



"See, Honey? If I gave you an allowance it would be treating you like a child, and if I paid you a salary you'd be my employee. Either way would be degrading, reducing our marriage to a mere..."

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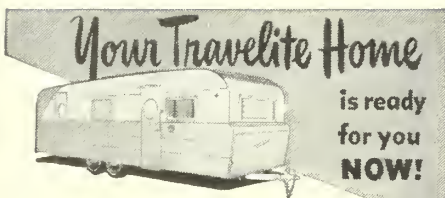
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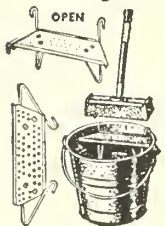
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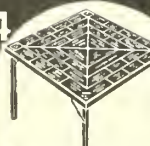
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radical movement and associated with leaders of the Trotsky group, against whom Moscow had declared war unto death.

When Stalin purged his former associates Flynn privately declared to a friend that she was outraged by what was taking place in Russia. But a few days later she joined the communist party. She was no longer the charming girl of 30 years ago. The party membership wildly acclaimed her. Earl Browder at the time the leader of the party in the United States, kept his part of the bargain and saw to it that she got a job and a position as a recognized leader of the party.

The communist Flynn for years kept up a correspondence with Tresca, even though she knew he was against the party.

The commies forced her to write articles denouncing Tresca in the foulest terms. Flynn was forced to pay for her communism by demonstrating to the party her willingness to debase herself on party orders. She repeatedly engaged in self flagellation to prove her communist integrity. Browder had been the agent who got her into the party. They became close friends. Then came Stalin's order removing Browder from the leadership. Stalin cracked the whip and the American communists had to denounce Browder or be expelled from the party. When at a meeting of the National Committee of the party it came Flynn's turn to do so, she got up crying and accused the others of not letting her know what the score was. Shaking like a leaf and crimson in the face, she shamefully denounced the one man who had befriended her. Flynn, the pie card artist, whose inner soul revolts against communism, eats its messy pottage and dishes it out also.

The communist party combines organizational skills with a wonderful understanding of mob psychology and how to exploit it. Those who join the party soon lose their inferiority complexes; the no-

bodies become somebodies. Into each communist is drummed the idea that he or she is the vanguard, the leader of the working class. Each communist looks upon himself as an important leader. Communist indoctrination accomplishes much more. Communists are impressed with the fact that they belong to an organization that is connected with a pow-

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SUGGESTION

"The astonishing thing about it all is that no one has yet taken it into his head to show us the door."

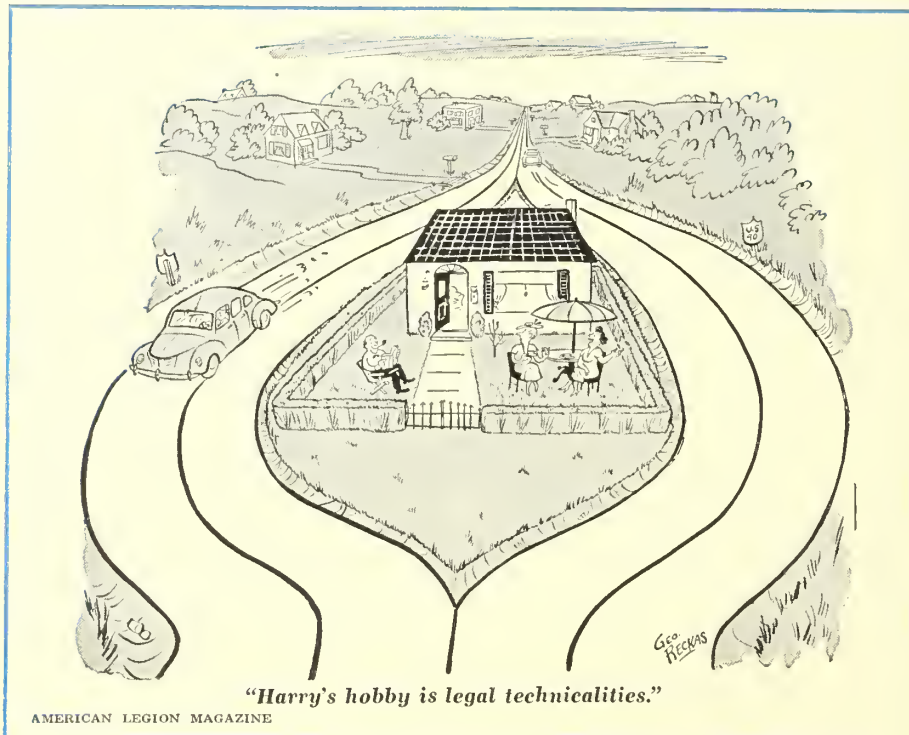
Lenin, in the summer of 1919

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

erful government, the Soviet Union. Party members look upon themselves as recognized members of the ruling class of that government. The attraction of Soviet power in the communist movement is tremendous. It acts like a powerful magnet drawing the members of the party into the Soviet orbit and gives them a feeling of strength and self-reliance that goes with belonging to the ruling class of a mighty government.

Once little people, nobodies, are given such a sense of superiority they become obsessed with a power mania and a leadership psychosis. This power mania and leadership psychosis is exploited by the party to turn the little people into bold leaders, but puppets nonetheless, who yield to every order and direction from the party leaders on top. And some of the nobodies do acquire the qualities of real leadership.

Such an example is Comrade Rizak. A diminutive, cautious, shy, unattractive weasel, the lad Rizak who joined the Communist Youth League in 1927 never dreamed at the time that ten years later under the alias of John Steuben he would be the communist entrusted with the organization of the workers employed in



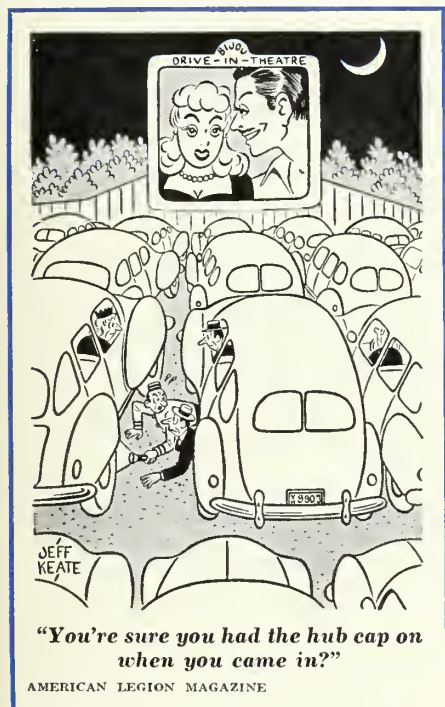
"Harry's hobby is legal technicalities."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Little Steel, the man destined to bring the mighty industrial giant Tom Girdler to his knees. Steuben in 1937 gave the country a taste of communist unionism in action. On May 30th of that year, known as Bloody Sunday,* pickets directed by Steuben defied the police. When the riot ended four pickets lay dead in the grass stubble and over 100 were groaning from bullet wounds.

The pigmy Steuben in ten years had learned much. With the backing of the communist party machine, following the advice and orders of party leaders and trade union experts from Moscow, Steuben acted with audacity, confident that he could defeat the "tsar" and "tyrant" of Little Steel.

Steuben today is top leader in a union of the A.F. of L. that has jurisdiction over the gigantic hotel industry of New York. Under communist domination, the union



is a natural for the use of Soviet espionage agents, for it gives the M.V.D. agents access to the hotel rooms occupied by important delegations to the United Nations. Control of this union gives the communists through communist waiters and other hotel employees entree to gatherings and conferences where trade, industrial, political and diplomatic matters are being considered. And the little Steuben, without a formal education, who since the age of 16 has been working steadily for the communist party, is the important man in a Soviet espionage nest, smug and confident of his own power. There are thousands of John Steubens and semi-John Steubens in the communist party.

The depression of 1929 opened up new fields for the communist party. They conducted a very effective propaganda campaign contrasting unemployment in the United States with full employment in the Soviet Union, where the government had embarked on a grandiose Five Year Plan for the building up of socialist

*At South Chicago, Illinois

economy. At this time the party gathered in communists by the thousands. For the first time middle class elements, hard hit by the depression, came into the party in large numbers. They were business men, intellectuals and professionals—lawyers, doctors, actors, writers, teachers, professors, engineers, technicians, executives, social workers. These elements were exclusive of the unemployed workers who came into the party in droves, including the stumble bums of the skid rows and the Bowery. These middle class elements were exceedingly important to the communist movement. They gave the communist party an educated, trained army of people, intellectuals and specialists who gave the party prestige and wielded considerable influence.

Out of these elements came the artists of the poison pen and the polluters of our cultural life.

These elements were used by the communist party to set up a sinister and dangerous organization which was affiliated with the C.I.O. when the body was formed. Marcel Scherer, who organized the group, went to Moscow to get special training from the OGPU on how to set up the organization. Upon his return to the United States, Scherer, who never went to college, got together the unemployed architects, scientists, chemists, engineers and research workers and organized them into an independent union. The union organized, controlled and financed by the communists gave the OGPU contact with individuals having knowledge or access to valuable scientific projects. From Canada's experience with Soviet spies we have learned how such scientific people were engaged in getting top Canadian security information for the Soviet government. The communists in the United States did identically the same thing. It is well known that much of the knowledge which the Soviet government obtained of our atomic secrets came from this source.

We have seen how many factors make up the human element in communism. But we have not dealt with its most important section, the trade unions. The communist party has no illusions on how it is going to conquer the United States. They will do it with bullets and not with ballots. However, they realize that before they can use bullets decisively they must cripple the American economy by stopping the wheels of industry. That can be done only through nationwide strikes during which sabotage is practiced extensively. That is where the trade unions come in. For that important reason, the communist party concentrates its major effort on bringing the trade unions under its control.

In addition, by the communist participation in strikes, communist agents and organizers find out who are the trade unionists who are not afraid to fight, the union gangsters who can wield the blackjack, the dagger and the gun. Every effort is made to recruit these strong arm elements into the communist party, where they receive special training and are put into communist mobile, strong-arm guards. During the Spanish Civil War

(Continued on page 60)

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MOST BIRDS like flowers in seed, though hummingbird (above) goes for bright blooms

Keeping Songbirds Near Your House

By CHARLES VAURIE

A LADY of my acquaintance, wanting a Wren family around her home, tried to induce a pair to stay by offering a choice of locations, so she put up two birdhouses. She knew that House Wrens will use birdhouses in preference to anything else, but did not know they are pugnacious and cocky and will not tolerate doorstep competition from their own kind, so that birdhouses too close together may lead to civil war—or, as the male Wren is a bigamist at heart, it may lead to marital complications. In this case it was the latter.

Much to my friend's pleasure both of her new birdhouses were occupied and two broods of Wrens got going. However, she soon found out that there was only one male, the same fellow having successfully beaten off all other males and sold himself to two different ladies. Papa Wren had to work and sing twice as hard but apparently his attentions were equally divided and everything was going well.

The two new birdhouses had taken the place of one old one. One day, as she was cleaning up around the garage, my friend came upon the old birdhouse and started to empty it of its collection of sticks. While she was so engaged her husband came in, and seeing what she was doing, exclaimed:

"Now just a minute, Peggy. Enough is enough. I forbid you to put that one up too. You'll wear the fellow out."

At least Peggy and her husband had a fair idea how to keep birds near their home and worked at it. Recently a neighbor of mine dropped in, just after the local paper had announced The First Robin of Spring and the mailman said he'd seen one two weeks earlier. "Doc," my neighbor said, "the songbirds always stay around your house all summer. Too many of mine seem to go out to the woods or along the hedgerows even though we throw 'em bread all winter. How can I

keep them nearby in the summertime?"

My answer was about as follows:

There are special ways of making the birds come to us, if we have a garden or any plot of ground. Like the House Wrens who don't want birdhouses too close together, and many others who don't want birdhouses at all, each breed of songbird has its own likes and dislikes. But basically they are all looking for the same things we want—shelter, food, water and security. So far as shelter is concerned, a few ornamental evergreens will satisfy the nesting demands of Robins, and they will grow fat on the worms they pull out of the lawn. Other birds prefer a more secluded corner or different kinds of trees. The thicker and more tangled the birds' corner is the more birds will want to stay. Like us, songbirds prefer to do their living in the back yard, so the front lawn needn't be turned into a jungle. Somewhere near or along the back fence or hedge a tangle should be provided—the wilder the better. A cat-proof fence, closed lattice, a stretch of chicken wire or a dense hedge of prickly shrubs can discourage the neighbor's prowling cat. Wise bird-lovers let this protecting barrier become overgrown with climbing roses, catbriars and various vines, and in front of it they plant a few bushes which are allowed to grow untrimmed and undisturbed.

FOOD AND SHELTER IN ONE

The same plants can provide shelter and feed the birds too. Among the quickest growing of vines is the Japanese honeysuckle, which stays green through most of the winter and provides excellent shelter when needed most. Other food-and-shelter-in-one-package plants are bittersweet, dewberry, greenbrier, various ivies and wild grapes, and Virginia

creeper. In the fall the leaves of the latter turn to scarlets and reds and are no disgrace anywhere. Other good "bird-bushes" are shrubby dogwoods and viburnums, blueberry, chokeberry, winterberry, bayberry, spicebush, sumac, blackberry and so on. A very good looking bush that bears plenty of food is the elderberry.

Birds are also fond of poison ivy, the waxy berries being eaten with relish by many species. But that's where my ideas will have to differ from the birds'.

The hemlock is a good addition to the usual evergreens, and tall junipers always mean Jays in my garden. Red cedar gives dense shelter and its fruit never fails to bring us Waxwings. Our arbor vitae is always the home of a pair or two of Chipping Sparrows.

As for trees, mulberry is tops with many feathered folk. Most birds are very fond of wild or cultivated cherries, mountain ash, sassafras and holly.

The total list of vines, bushes and trees that attract and hold birds is quite long. Some of them are adapted only to certain soil and climatic conditions in this large and varied country of ours. However, the U. S. Department of Agriculture supplies a complete series of leaflets that tell what is best for the many regions. They were drawn up by bird specialists, and can be secured at little or no cost from the Superintendent of Documents in Washington.

Flower and vegetable gardens can be managed to help the birds. I let a few heads of lettuce run to seed, and would do the same with turnips if I liked them enough to grow them. It's a race between the Catbird and me who'll get the strawberries and currants first, but somehow there's always enough jelly to last.

Most birds may shun flowers in bloom,

but they like them in the seedy state. Asters, poppies, forget-me-nots, zinnias and hollyhocks are popular. Goldfinches and sunflowers go together.

Of course the Hummingbirds and some flower blossoms seem made for each other. Any bright flower will do, especially if it is yellow, orange or red. In the East a natural association is trumpet vine and Ruby-Throated Hummingbird. The bloom is long, graceful and bright and the hummers will dive in to their shoulders.

BIRD BATHS

Bird baths are a story in themselves. There are many types, but a bird's idea of design, if he has any, is no doubt different from ours. The truth is he probably doesn't care so long as the bath is wet. I once saw a dripping faucet at a camp site in the Southwest attract more birds in an hour than any beautiful water-filled pedestal might have attracted in years elsewhere. A little pool is equally attractive to birds and frogs—as well as kids. Or a large boulder or outcropping of rock with a depression kept full of water. Birds don't like the water to be too deep around the edges—they like to wade in and prefer the water clean, as we do.

A water-soaked bird cannot fly very well—nor very far. So I place our bird bath not too far from a bush or an evergreen, to give any bird a chance to make good its escape if suddenly threatened by a cat or dog, or even a small hawk.

HOUSES

Certain birds I like to have around will nest nowhere else but in a hole in a tree—or in a birdhouse if properly made. The list of such birds includes many which we enjoy most, such as Bluebirds, Chickadees, Titmice, the Tree and Violet-green Swallows, Downy Woodpeckers, Flickers, Martins and others, including the Wren.

Here again the Department of Agriculture comes to our rescue with leaflets telling about the requirements of various birds. The leaflets specify the materials and give plans. And of course very good ready-made bird houses can be found in almost any hardware or garden store.

If one makes his own birdhouse, and it is real workshop fun, there are a few important points. A couple of holes in the back of the "box" will give ventilation. The roof should shed water and the bottom or back of the box should be hinged for cleaning after the breeding season is over. Also the box should have room for only one family except in the case of the sociable Martins that like to nest in "apartment" houses.

Birdhouses should be hung against a tree or, better still, placed on top of a pole. Contrary to some amount of popular misconception they should not be half-hidden in foliage, but have clear and open access.

Many farmers supply birds with homes on the grand scale by cutting openings in the sides or under the peaks of their barns. English Sparrows will take advantage of these, but so will Phoebe and Barn Swallows. And if a family of Barn Owls should move in any farmer can count himself lucky. A barn with a family of Barn Owls is a barn free of rats and mice.

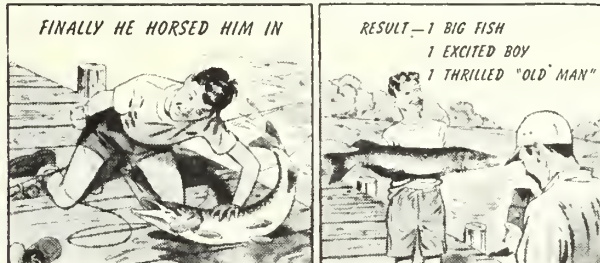
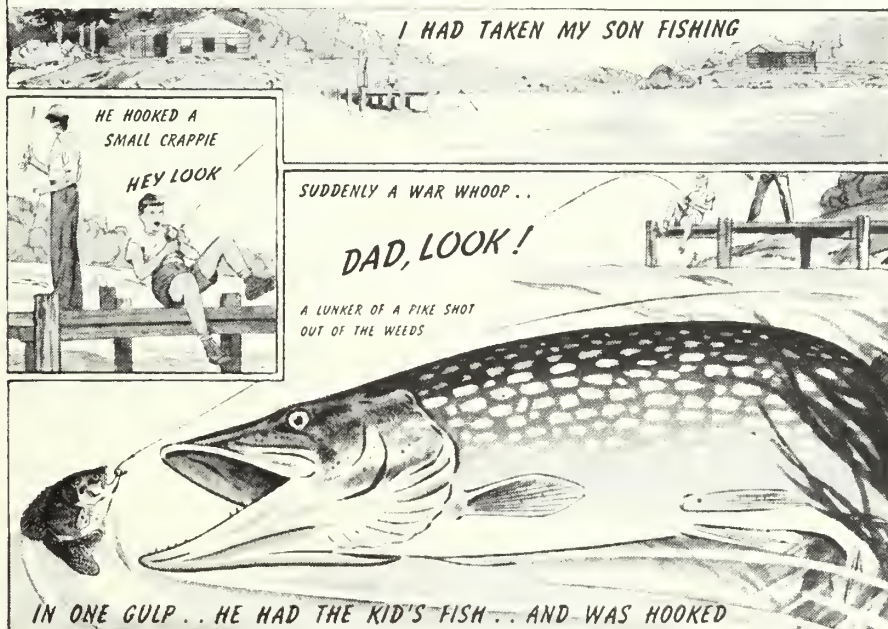
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(Continued from page 57)

thousands of them were sent to Spain to get military combat experience.

The communist trade union cadres, together with the mobile strong arm guards constitute the iron core, the power potential and military arm of the communist party.

In the party are also to be found a goodly number of formerly frustrated females. Through party activity and its social life, free from all moral restraints and no longer bothered by inhibitions, they find a new, exciting life. In the same category are the individuals who crave excitement as an escape from a life of boredom. They are generally recruited from the wealthy classes. They are often drawn into conspiratorial activities, tied in with the Soviet government and its agencies. Many work for the OGPU. They generally become so involved with the communist party that they dare not break with it, desire as they would to return to a life of normalcy.

The last group's importance consists in the fact that it includes a majority of the present party leadership. To illustrate: The communist party of the United States is essentially a Soviet government party. Its leaders are Soviet agents. Communists consider themselves an integral

foreign power offers opportunity for political leadership and good jobs.

The communist party is aware of the inducements it has to offer those who will serve it. The party is built around the principle of professional revolutionists, its members giving their entire time to the party and getting paid for doing so. The party, therefore, is an organization of men and women thirsting for power, who are eagerly awaiting the day when they will be pivoted into control of the nation as their communist compatriots were in Poland, Czechoslovakia and the other countries absorbed by the Kremlin.

The leaders of the party that constitute this group, men like Robert Minor, Jack Stachel, the confidant of Stalin, James Ford, Eugene Dennis and others have had close contacts with the power machine of the world communist superstructure. For years they have been working here and abroad directly and indirectly for Stalin. Awaiting them they hope, should the communists succeed in the United States, is the power and the glory that goes to those in on the ground floor. That prize of being considered pioneers they definitely know can be obtained only with the assistance of the Soviet Union. They have seen how it worked out successfully in Europe and how it is working



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part of a powerful state. They are confident that history is on the side of the Soviet Union, that it will soon dominate the globe. Many of them are looking forward to the day when they will be the rulers of a Soviet America. Opportunists, job seekers, men and women with no particular avocation, because they sense that a party connected with a great

in China. Without Soviet assistance and guidance the Chinese communists would not now be poised for the conquest of China and communist domination of the continent of Asia.

The communist leaders of the United States are gambling for the biggest stake in the world—control of the United States of America.

THE END

DOLLARS ON YOUR HOUSE

(Continued from page 22)

A peculiarity of paint is that it keeps drying or setting long after it seems hard. A final coat, exposed to the air, sets differently from the unexposed undercoat. After the second coat is past the wet stage both coats are apt to crack or break up if there is much difference in the setting at different levels. This working knowledge of paint can guide one in three ways.

First, the presence on the shelves of the paint store of first-coat and second-coat paints is not a gimmick to make you buy more paint for a second-coat while you still have an unused gallon of first-coat. The second-coat paint is scientifically prepared so that, when exposed to the air, its setting is balanced to approach that of the unexposed undercoat.

Secondly, knowledge of how paint sets provides a hint about how to put paint on. Don't leave it in thick layers, but rub it out thinly and evenly. A very thick or oily layer will wrinkle, or run. One that is thin enough to lie flat may yet be so thick that it will have both a surface and a decided body, so that even one coat may set unevenly and break up shortly of its own force.

Thirdly, even when using the proper paints properly, let the first coat get a good headstart on setting before applying the second coat.

Though exterior paint should be applied thinly, make it thin with elbow grease, not turpentine. The paint-can label usually sets the limit on the amount of thinner to be used, but people are often tempted by logical-seeming reasons to add more. Excess thinner upsets the tailored drying speed. It hastens chalking. Paint chemists say it raises hell forty ways from Sunday, and should be added

beyond the requirements of the label only by a painter who knows what he's doing and what the result will be. The result can never be economy, since excess thinner shortens the life of the job more than it stretches the paint. Some folks add thinner to make the paint penetrate. But when is penetration advisable? Paint's protective duty is to seal the surface of the wood with a layer of pigment particles set in hardened oil. Penetration by the final coat is unwanted, and if successful might take most of the oil with it and leave some pigment on the surface to powder off.

Of course, a well-brushed priming coat goes on new lumber first, to soak into the wood. The professional painter understands that one purpose of the primer is to satisfy the thirst of the wood and thus reduce penetration of the final coats.

Excess oil, as well as thinner, has its own chain of results too. It will give a glossier coat. It will also slow down drying, increase collection of dirt, hold dirt longer and may cause wrinkling. There are sometimes good reasons for adding more oil or turpentine than the maker allows—under special conditions and with the same keenness of understanding required for the use of garlic in the kitchen.

On an ordinary job one should not tamper with the manufacturer's instructions.

To get sure results the home-owner will guard against the many factors outside of the paint itself which can destroy his work. A coat of paint won't serve well if applied when the thermometer is much under fifty degrees, or in the blistering heat of the summer sun. The seasons for outside painting are late spring and early fall. If one must work in the summer he should move around the house to keep out of the sun, it's easy on him as well as the paint. Best of all he'll apply exterior paint in moderate, dry weather and start on the east wall in the morning—the dew will be out of it first.

Then there are the structural difficulties which may wreck any paint job. If the present job seems lousy, one should note if it is peeling or blistering or cracking in certain spots only. If it's coming off in chunks under or near the eaves only, the paint may be fine but water may be getting in the wood from cracks or exposed edges near the gutters. Caulking may fix that up. If the trouble is near the earth the builder may have carelessly let wooden edges touch the ground, to absorb earth-moisture and pass it up inside the wood under the paint above where it

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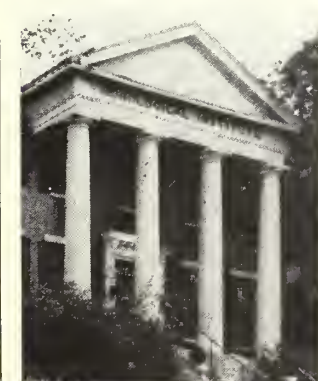
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turns to vapor in the heat of the day, blistering and peeling the paint. Until the cause is removed the best paint will blister again and again.

If the old paint is stripping off around windows of certain rooms where water is used much, such as bathroom or laundry, water vapor passing through the wall is undoubtedly the villain and no paint will stop it. Cheapest cure is to improve

a good wire brushing. He who doesn't clean the surface may paint loose material which will fall off and take the new job with it—or at least get a spotty looking job from uneven absorption of the new paint by the old.

Since moisture in the wood is sure death to the best paint layer, the careful workman closes and seals all openings where water may ever enter the interior



the ventilation in rooms which have running water. One doesn't want the bathroom door open when showering—but except in bitter weather he can keep the window open a little. A bathroom with no window is a sure-fire trouble maker. Water vapor without an easier escape will pass through ordinary wood, concrete, brick or plaster like Doc Blanchard going through the line, and does some damage to most paint jobs on homes where the builder has not vapor-proofed the entire wall structure.

A very common paint complaint is the mystery of the porch floor or porch column, where, on thousands of homes, paint bubbles up and peels off as fast as it dries. This is nearly always caused by improper ventilation. The space under the porch is sealed off all around and moisture rising from the earth in hot weather passes through the wooden floor, lifting the paint off bodily. Letting air pass underneath usually solves the trouble. The porch column, likewise, is hollow and locks moisture in. A couple of holes inconspicuously placed give the vapor a path of less resistance to escape—and spare the paint.

When a man is ready to slap the paint on he should remember that although the temptation is great to relax the usual precautions in preparing the surface, they pay off in dollars and appearance. It stands to reason that if the present paint is peeling, blistering, chalking or dirty one should first remove all that comes off with

of the wood. He caulks open spaces around windows, doors and chimneys and replaces rotten wood with new boards. It is smart to remove wood which touches the earth and replace it with something else, like brick, concrete or stone—or waterproof it thoroughly on front, back and edges. Before putting holes or cracks painters put a coat of primer paint on them to feed oil to the thirsty wood, then putty after the primer is dry. Otherwise the wood might drink the oil out of the putty and let it crumble away.

One who cannot honestly afford two coats should put on a second-coat paint and let it go at that. But two coats are more than twice as good as one.

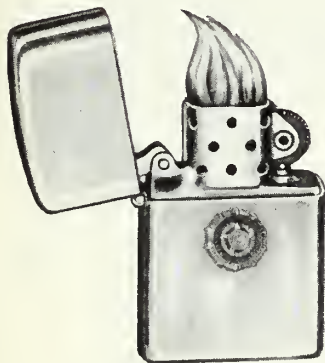
When several veterans in a neighborhood will repaint, or where a group in a Legion Post gets together on the idea, they can save money by clubbing together on one ladder and one set of brushes and other accessories. Or each man may find, with a little looking around, that ladders, caulking-guns, etc., may be rented at low cost from a local paint or hardware store, lumber company or contractor.

Painters are scrupulous about wearing caps on the job, for it is a devil of a task to remove from one's hair paint dropped there in one careless moment. At the end of the day, after rubbing excessive paint off their skin with paint thinner, many painters use cold cream to finish up. They rub it in thoroughly and wipe off with tissue.

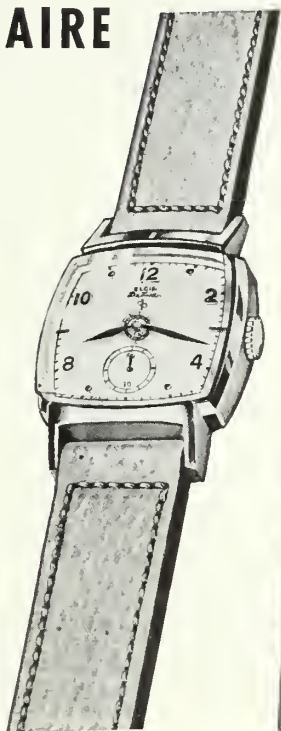
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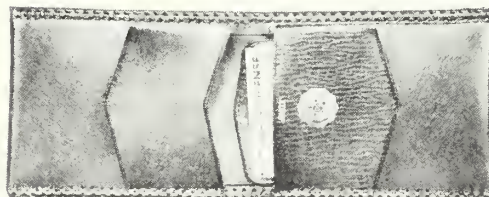
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*Our new car has, you will agree,
Most elegant upholstery,
Which, thanks to covers we install,
We never get to see at all.*

— BY RICHARD ARMOUR

THE HOTTEST FIRE

They were discussing the virility of their love-making. "When I kiss a girl," said the Army, softly, "she knows she's been kissed."

The Navy shook his head, "Mine don't," he said, "they just sizzle for a while, and then say, 'Where am I?'"

The Marine looked at them with a puzzled frown. "When I kiss a girl," he sighed, "she has to be identified by her dental work."

"All of them?" snorted the Army and Navy, scornfully.

"Not all of them," said the Marine thoughtfully, "some of the little fools just become radio-active." — BY A. ROSE

PROPOSAL

June,
See?
You'n
Me.

— BY A. A. LATTIMER

TIME FOR DECISION

Unlike most wealthy bachelors, the heir to a southern textile fortune was considerably more than frugal. After a long and cautious courtship, he was on the verge of proposing to a local belle, when she suddenly left for a visit with her sister in Colorado.

In desperation, the suitor sent her a telegram asking for her hand. He hung around the office all day, and late that night was overjoyed to receive an affirm-

ative reply. The operator who took the message ventured to suggest that it might be taking a great chance to marry a girl who had been so slow in making up her mind.

"No, no," the capitalist objected firmly. "The girl for me is the girl who waits for the night rates." — BY WEBB B. GARRISON

REPORT CARD

*"Excellent" in "Conduct,"
For "Cleanliness," all "A's,"
The top mark in "Deportment,"
"Perfection" in "Obeys."
This paragon whose virtues
Reflect like burnished chrome,
Is not to be confused with
The child we have at home.*

— BY HARRY LAZARUS

LEG STUDY

*Once again, with summer here,
I ponder, rooted to the spot:
Are her stockings painted on?
Or not?*

— BY P. BRACKEN

CHECKUP

The elderly lady held up the line waiting their turn at the teller's cage in the bank while she counted a sizeable stack of currency and a few coins. As she had asked to be given her entire balance, no protest was made as she slowly added it aloud. Then she pushed the entire amount



back through the window, smiled brightly at the astonished teller, and announced: "You're quite correct, young man. I wanted to be sure it was all still here." — BY MARY ALKUS

AND A COAL STOVE

An old-fashioned kitchen is one with a cook in it. — BY A. A. LATTIMER

THAT'S MY HORSE!

It was after the race and the owner was giving the jockey a dressing down.

"A fine jockey you are," he said. "Didn't I tell you distinctly to come away with a rush at the corner? Why didn't you do so?"

"Well," retorted the rider tartly, "you see it didn't seem quite fair to leave the horse behind!" — BY ELMER BEECHER

AFTERMATH

*I'm the piker;
He's the spender.
He's the borrower;
I'm the lender.*

— BY SIDNEY R. BARON

WRONG PLEA

Two judges were arrested for speeding. When they arrived in court, no other judge was present, so they decided to try each other. The first judge went up on the bench and said; "You are charged with exceeding the speed limit, how do you plead?"

"Guilty," was the answer.

"You are hereby fined five dollars."

Then they changed places and again the plea was "Guilty."

"Hmm," said the other judge. "These cases are becoming far too common. This is the second case of this sort we've had this morning. I hereby fine you ten dollars or ten days in jail." — BY CHARLES MAYES

SLOW TRIP TO CHINA

*Our lips almost met —
It had been too fast —
For my heart held doubts,
What about your past?
So I held you off
And I gave you up;
You had lipstick stains,
Little coffee cup.*

— BY LOYD ROSENFELD

MUSICAL OPINION

She shut off the record player and turned excitedly to her father.

"Daddy!" she exclaimed, "that is the latest swing record. Did you ever hear anything so wonderful?"

"No," he replied wearily, "I can't say I have, although I once heard a collision between a wagon load of empty milk cans and a farmcart filled with ducks!"

— BY HENRY A. COURTNEY

CLEVER

*Inventors are resourceful chaps,
They sure have lots of brains,
'Cause Pullman windows wouldn't
budge —
They air-conditioned trains.*

— BY F. G. KERNAN



"Nose drops ready, dear?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

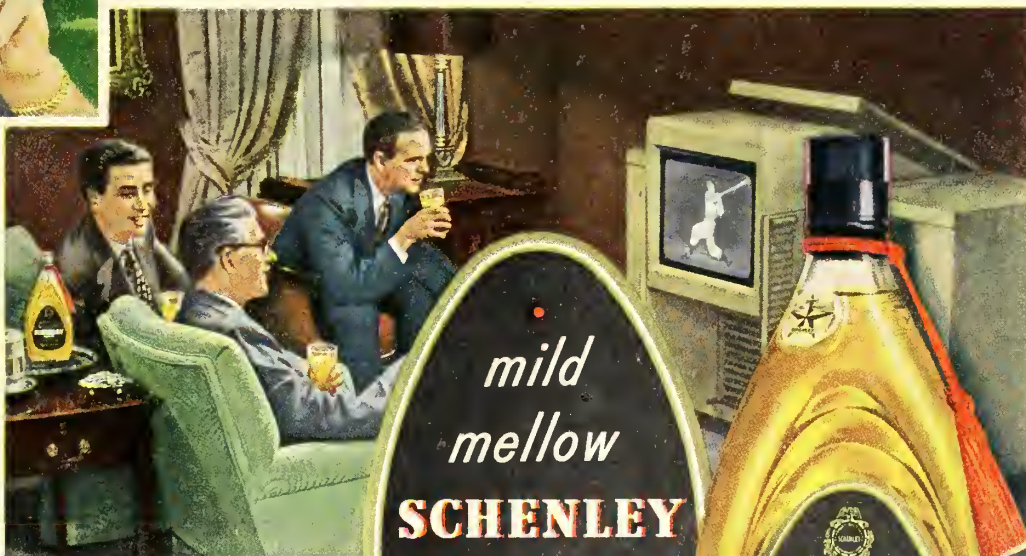
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